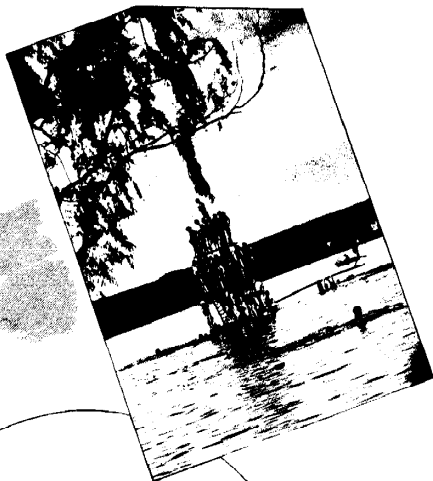


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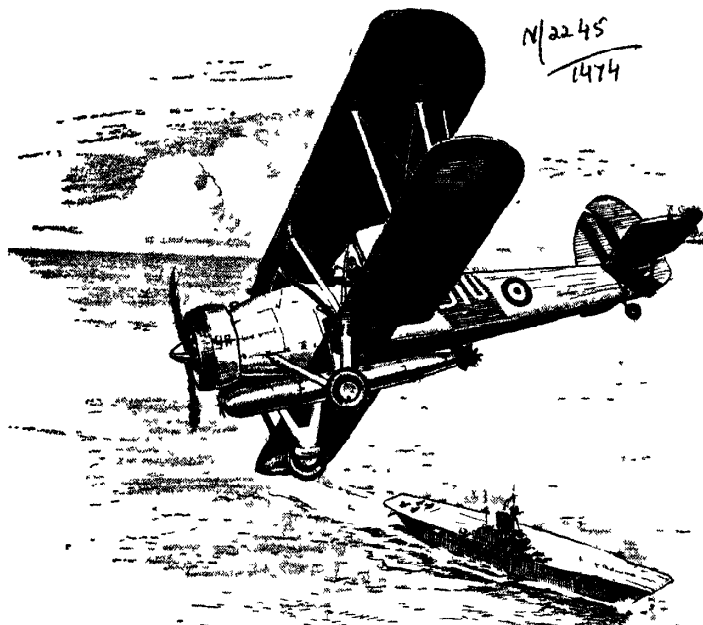
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The Royal Navy pioneered the technique of torpedo air attack. Fairey Swordfish torpedo-bombers—most successful of Britain's operational biplanes—made history the night they crippled the Italian battle fleet at Taranto. They have been a major weapon in defeating the U boat menace to Allied shipping. The Swordfish is powered by a Bristol Pegasus engine.

COMMAND OF THE SEAS

Many are the complicated problems which British aeronautical engineers have solved in design and production of sea-going aircraft.

The intricacies of folding wings, the peculiar structural stresses and strains involved in deck flying, and the development of special radio equipment—these and many other difficulties have been mastered.

Numerous honours have already gone to British naval aircraft in this war. The first enemy aeroplane to be shot down at sea; the first successful torpedo air attack against a capital ship, the first ship to be sunk by dive-bombers; such achievements star their history.

Aircraft of the Royal Navy are built to withstand extremes of climate. In the first weeks of the war the squadrons of one carrier alone swept more than seven million square miles of sea. In ice, fog, blizzard, tropical rains, sandstorms and burning suns these aircraft have satisfied the most exacting demands of active service.

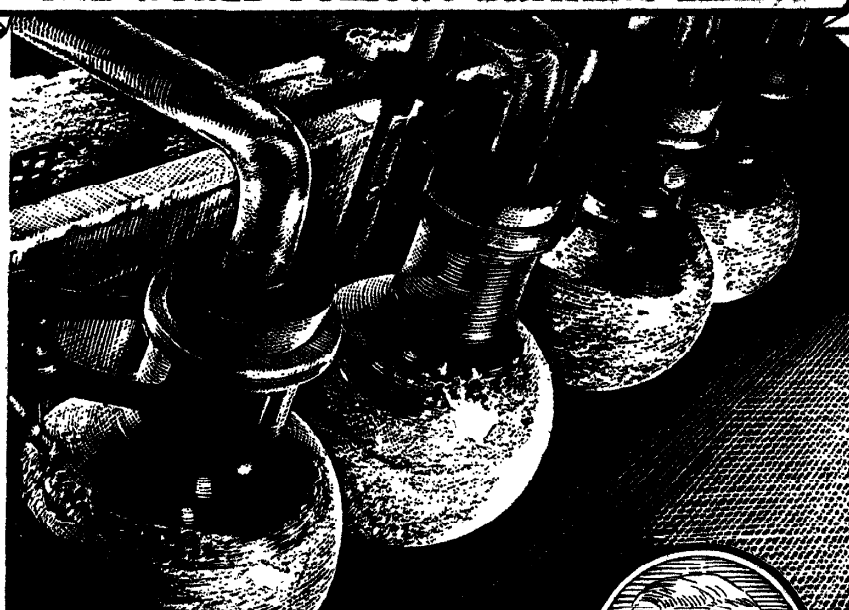
World air transport likewise calls for fitness for diverse duties and immunity to climatic extremes.

British industry which has made thousands of formidable sea-going warplanes can be trusted to produce the merchant airliners and airfreighters of Tomorrow.

THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS — LONDON — ENGLAND

THE WORLD FOLLOWS BRITAIN'S LEAD..



PENICILLIN

DISCOVERED by Sir Alexander Fleming and developed by Sir Howard Florey—two British Scientists—Penicillin has already achieved wonders in preserving human life, and in healing wounds which might have proved fatal without its help. Even so, the full extent of Penicillin's power to help mankind has not yet been disclosed. The discovery of this new drug marks yet another triumph for British brains and energy, and adds one more debt of gratitude to the long and lengthening list of benefits Britain has bestowed upon the world.

In a widely separated sphere of activity, another development deriving from British enterprise has changed and improved the standards of comfort for millions of people the world over—the development of rayon, and the lovely fabrics made from it, by Courtaulds. This remarkable textile has steadily appreciated in beauty and serviceability during the half-century since its inception. Research and experiment continue to reveal new uses and new methods of manufacture which will make post-war rayons even more attractive, more varied and more useful than those you admired before the war.

The present unavoidable scarcity of rayons will pass with the coming of peace, and Courtaulds, released from onerous war duties, will be free to implement their plans for new and different products designed to enhance their own and Britain's name as originators and leaders in the post-war world.



Sir ALEXANDER FLEMING

of the Inoculation Department of St. Mary's Hospital, London, who discovered Penicillin—the new wonder. The illustration above shows one stage in the complicated process of producing Penicillin.

The World's greatest inventions and discoveries originated within the BRITISH EMPIRE



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The black portions on the map indicate the size of the British Commonwealth with its vast potentialities for agricultural, mineral and industrial development.



ONE, THREE TIMES DAILY

THE patient of to-day takes his medicine in tablet or capsule. Gone are the unpleasant draughts and decoctions with which his grandparents dosed his father and mother. This together with the fact that healing specifics have now a far wider range and efficacy, is largely the work of the organic chemist and those associated with him. From earliest times man has known that remedies for many of his ailments were to be found in the roots, bark, leaves and berries of trees and plants. The curative principles of these became the subject of study and experiment by the alchemist, being mixed with searches for the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, love-potions and poisons, much superstition and more quackery. Science recognised that these old herbal remedies were complicated mixtures in which small quantities of what mattered were swallowed together with large quantities of what

did not! To the chemist fell the task first of purifying and dividing them into their constituents. Quinine (from cinchona bark), strychnine (from nux vomica seeds), morphine (from poppy capsules), cocaine (from coca leaves) and atropine (from deadly nightshade) are drugs isolated in pure form from plant sources. The chemist's second task was to find out the exact nature of each drug, and then to make or synthesise them in the laboratory, modifying them and improving them in collaboration with the pharmacologist. His third task was to chart and develop the enormous field of new healing drugs opened up by organic chemical research. This is the great field in which he is working to-day.

The organic chemist is to-day the armoured of the medical profession, and through the pharmacist continues to provide our doctors with more and better weapons with which to fight disease.



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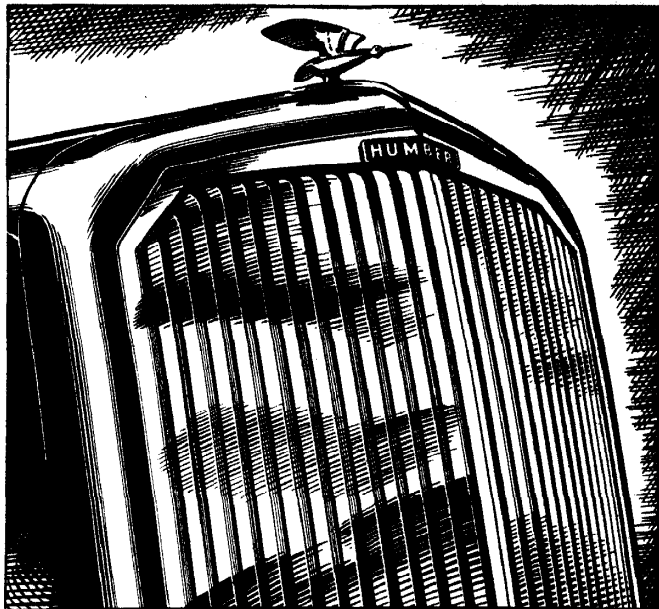
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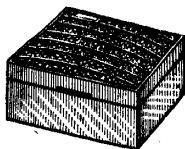


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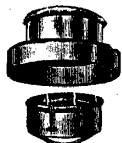
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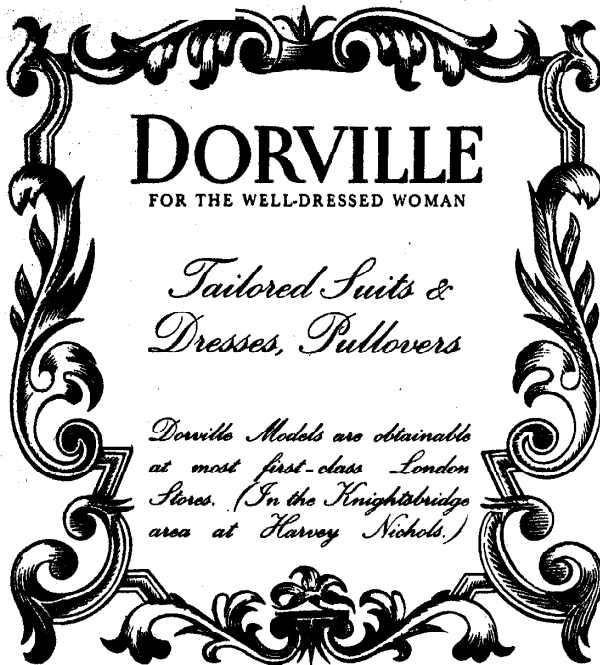


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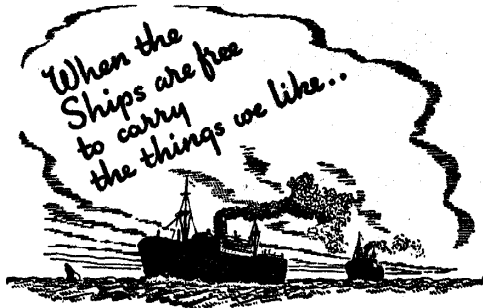
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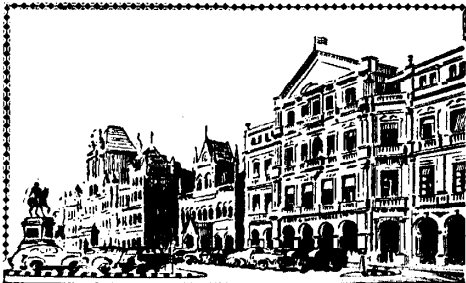
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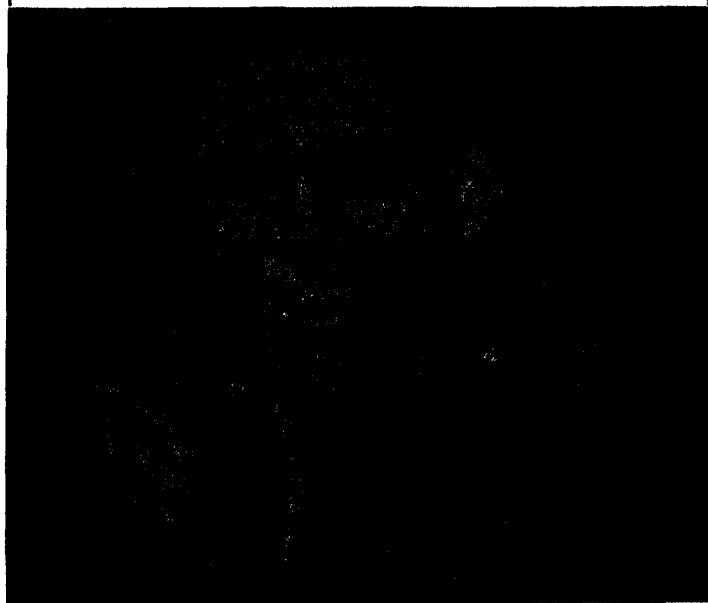
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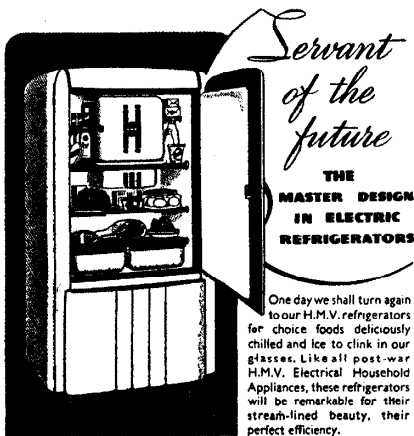


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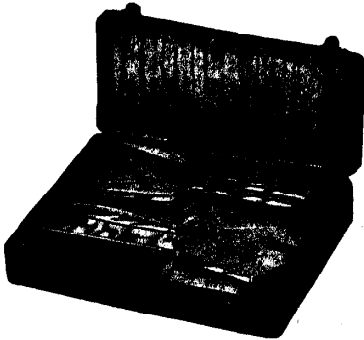
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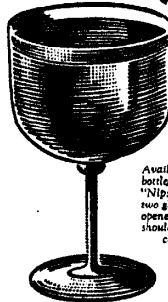
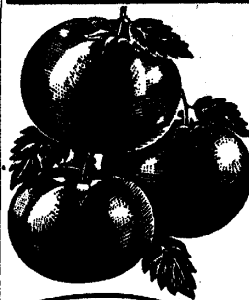
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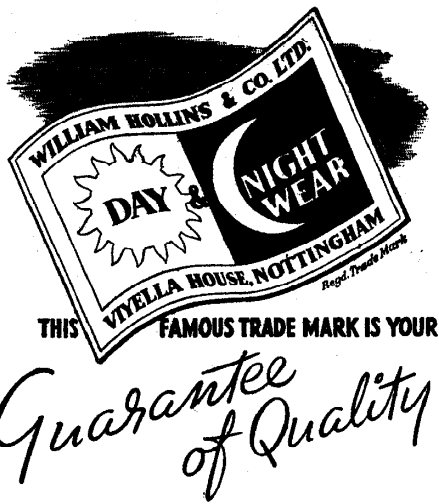
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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Features and Photographs Wanted.

THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS. and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for. Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the backs names must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,
Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road,
BOMBAY.

The ONLOOKER

Vol. VII

April 1945

No. 4

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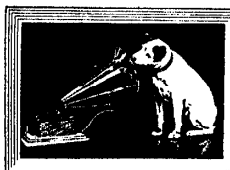
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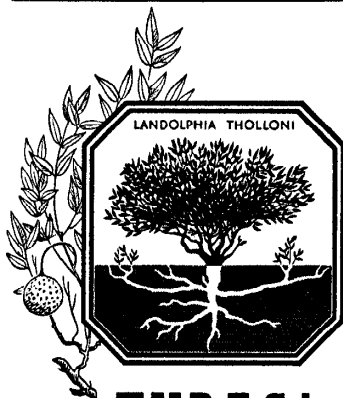
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The ONLOOKER

... sees most of the game

Vol. VII.

APRIL 1945

No. 4

1474
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The Right Reverend G. A. West, Bishop of Rangoon, author of "George Can Do It" and "The World That Works," has just arrived in India from England on his way back to Burma. Bishop West has been called Statesman-Bishop and believes that Burma's future is more dependent on 'what governs who' than on 'who governs what.'



Looking On!

George Will Do It

GEORGE can do it! We knew that when we wrote about him here in February, we know that George will do it. From war-time stations scattered over India, several Georges have written to assure us on that point. They have also handed us bouquets for giving a lead on this subject. But the bouquets do not belong to us. We gladly pass them on to the rightful owner—Bishop G. A. West, whose excellent pamphlet, *George Can Do It*, has started so many young men and women thinking in the right direction about the post-war world.

It is heartening to see how rapidly good, sane thoughts travel, even in these days of so many provocations and so much materialism. One very busy George in South India missed our review of the pamphlet. But a friend in far-off Jubulpore drew his attention to our article and now South India's George is extolling the pamphlet's merits to the members of his mess. Others besides ourselves rate these merits high. Two young Sapper officers declare that it is "the spirit we need to ensure that the horrors of this war are not repeated." This small booklet, they say, "contains the 'battle-drill' of the war of the peace and we are convinced that it gives the answer to the many problems and difficulties Servicemen in India are facing now. It is the spirit of *George Can Do It* which is needed to take our armies to Tokyo and it gives us a programme too for preparing sure foundations for the future."

These are opinions that matter,



Major-General T. W. Rees, leader of the 19th Indian Division, seen in the Burma jungle pointing out Jap positions to a senior officer. By personal example and fighting right forward, Major-General Rees spurred the "Dagger" Division to its magnificent achievements at Mandalay.



This year's heavy fall of snow at Simla provided an opportunity for a great deal of sport for skiing enthusiasts and also gave many an officer from G. H. Q. a chance of ski-ing to office in the morning! The above shows from L. to R.: Lt. P. Large, Capt. R. Cole-Hamilton, Miss C. Steward, Major R. Vyler, Mrs. Wadley, Mr. K. L. H. Wadley, Mrs. H. Perch with her daughter Ingrid, and Major R. Edwards-Carr.



Members of the Government of India Mission to Great Britain, headed by Sir Akbar Hydari, Secretary of the Industries and Civil Supplies Dept. of the Government of India, at a welcome luncheon in London given in their honour by the Representative of H. M. G. From L. to R.: Sir David Montagu, Permanent Under-Secretary of State, India Office, Sir Akbar Hydari, Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, and Lt.-General K. M. Loch, Master General of Ordnance, G. H. Q., India. The Mission has gone to London to meet H. M. G. representatives with the principal object of discussing means of maintaining India's war effort at the present high level.

for they are the opinions of some of the very Georges who will have to shoulder the problems of tomorrow. We are proud to have been able to introduce the pamphlet to our readers and we hope that

it will go on reaching widening numbers of young men and women. It carries a message that is really worth while.

"The Onlooker"

Staff Captain

I'm infernally Imperial
'cos I work at G.H.Q.
In an atmosphere that's regal
And is air conditioned too.
E-v-e-y morning as I cycle
It is quite a big event
To watch my stately progress
To the Office from my Tent.
I spend a happy work day
Sending files around the place,
Or writing most Imperial chits
To others of my race.
I have lost my sense of humour,
If I had the thing at all,
And I've heard a recent rumour
That my cap is getting small.
Some day they're going to make me
A full General I expect.
So I cultivate the manner
That's Imperially correct.
At the moment I'm a Captain
In this fascinating City
Which I think you will agree is quite
A monumental pity.
For I'd like to have my red tabs
And perhaps vacate a Tent,
For which I find it difficult
To pay the monthly rent;
I'd like to sell the cycle
And go hither, there and thence,
In a most expensive Auto,
All at Government expense.
For although I am a Captain,
I do hope it's clear to you,
I'm infernally Imperial
While I work at G.H.Q.

Robin Killott.



Officers of a Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment (Duke of York's Own). (SEATED) From L. to R.: Major C. O. Boughton, Major G. H. H. Cole, Major T. W. Hind, Major R. P. Freeman-Taylor (Commanding Officer), Capt. C. J. Robinson (Adjutant), Major D. M. Maude, Capt. D. L. Periam and Capt. J. P. Darby. (SECOND ROW) Capt. A. M. Rice, Lt. A. G. S. Crawford, Lt. M. L. Dyson, Lt. J. G. R. Sunderland, Capt. A. S. T. Price, Capt. E. A. Green, Capt. R. I. Barden, Lt. D. E. Fairbanks, Lt. A. Baxter and Capt. C. Davies. (BACK ROW) Lt. W. Dorch, Lt. J. F. P. Caruana, Lt. J. W. Timbers, Lt. J. M. McKenzie, Lt. Shaw, R.A.M.C., Capt. G. W. L. Glen, Lt. R. G. Coleman, Capt. J. R. Holmes and Lt. E. Cudjre.

Priority 1945

Oh Why Left I My Name?

21



A group of Chindit Officers. From l. to r. (ON GROUND): Capt. S. F. P. Rocks, Lt. F. J. G. Bird, Lt. S. D. R. Bukhari, Capt. Nyun Lwin and Capt. S. H. Thompson. (SEATED): Major G. W. Black, Sub. Ld. J. P. Michell, Major I. R. Courtney, Col. E. G. Duthfield, Brigadier L. E. C. M. Perowne, Major J. F. F. Barnes, Major P. B. L. Nicholas, Major J. C. Long and Major S. Dagg. (THIRD ROW): Major B. G. Fell, Capt. R. B. M. Knight, Capt. J. F. Saunders, Lt. H. T. Clarke, Capt. R. A. F. Johnston, Capt. D. W. Logan, Lt. T. L. Gossage, Capt. C. S. Phillips, Capt. C. J. Young, Capt. R. T. Hesford, Lt. W. E. Walters and Major E. H. Green. (BACK ROW): Major G. S. Neville, Lt. G. Young, Lt. R. W. Heasman, Lt. D. B. Ritchie, Capt. D. Cameron, Lt. R. W. Bond, F/Lt. F. S. Salter, Lt. A. E. Oswell, Capt. J. Donnellan, Lt. P. J. Fuller, Capt. C. J. Mathes and Capt. P. H. Bywaters.



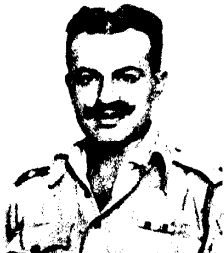
Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher L. Courtney, Air Member for Supply and Organisation, who recently made a tour of inspection in Bengal.



F/Lt. Sinclair, F/O. Stocks and P/O. Douglas Rushton, with "Popsie," the Dachshund mascot, seen planning a photographic sortie. F/Lt. Robin Sinclair is the son of Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air. He went into the ranks of the R.A.F. as an airman, straight from Oxford, and, as a P.K.U. Pilot, he now flies over enemy-occupied territories in Burma taking photographs.



Commander A. B. Goord, R.I.N., has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for the part played by himself and his ship—a sloop of the Royal Indian Navy—in the destruction of a U-boat in the Indian Ocean.



Lt. A. K. Luthra, Punjab Regt., son of Rai Bahadur Shunkar Das Luthra of Shuhpur district, Punjab, who has been awarded the Military Cross for gallant and distinguished service in Burma.



Officers of H.M.I.S. "Dilawar," an R.I.N. Junior Boys Training Establishment in Karachi. From l. to r. (SITTING): Third Officer J. M. Watt, W.R.I.N.S., Pay-Lt. A. Pereira, R.I.N.V.R., Lt. N. Rao, R.I.N.V.R., Lt. Cdr. W. R. Taylor, R.I.N.V.R., Commander S. S. Ferguson, R.I.N.V.R. (Commanding Officer), Lt. A. G. Perlin, R.I.N., Lt. R. C. Burnell, R.I.N.V.R., Lt. D. H. Morris, R.I.N.V.R. and Lt. A. R. Faridi, R.I.N.V.R. (STANDING): S/Lt. M. S. Menon, R.I.N.V.R., Mr. Baba, B.S.N., R.I.N., Mr. M. N. Khan, Schoolmaster, S/Lt. L. A. Fernandes, R.I.N.V.R., Mr. Hussain, Mr. M. Nazir and Mr. M. Khatib, Schoolmasters.

Many Happy Returns R.I.A.F.!



His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve that in future the designation of "Royal" shall be prefixed to the Indian Air Force which shall henceforth be designated "The Royal Indian Air Force." This makes a happy coincidence with the celebration, on April 1, of the R.I.A.F.'s 12th anniversary. Above is a group of officers of the first Indian fighter squadron to use Spitfires. The present work of Spitfire pilots varies from escorting supply-dropping Dakotas for troops in the forward fighting areas, to "straffing" enemy positions and lines of communication.



F/O. A. Aziz of Lahore, relaxing in the sunshine after a flight.



Sqdn/Ldr. M. W. Coombes, Officer Commanding the Spitfire Squadron, with "P/O Cuthbert Prune," the Squadron mascot.



From all over India young men like F.Lt. Hyder of Delhi, are joining the R.I.A.F. and making it their future career.



The pick of India's youth! (From L. to R.) F/O. Beg, F/O. Hussain and F/O. Suhia, all three from Hyderabad, and F/O. Mendoza, of Bombay, are only four of the many Indian pilots, whose brilliant performances on different battle-fronts have brought fresh laurels to the Royal Indian Air Force.



Lalkaka-Cama

Mr. Kershasp E. Lalkaka, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lalkaka of Ahmedabad, and Miss Hilla B. Cama, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Cama of Banura, were married at Ahmedabad.



Brown-Boyd

The wedding took place at Thenmullay, Talliar, Travancore, of Capt. Antony Edward Brown, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Brown, of Purley, Surrey, and Patricia Mary, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Boyd. From l. to r.: Mr. H. C. Boyd, Miss Rita Boyd, bridesmaid; the bridegroom and the bride, Lt. D. J. Cagney, bestman; and Mrs. H. C. Boyd. The bride and her sister Rita are both serving with the W.A.S.(B).



Price-Ross-Hurst

Major William Russell Rose Price, Royal Fusiliers, attached Royal Gurkha Rifles, second son of Sir Francis Price, Bt., and Lady Price of Ashleworth, Gloucester, and Joan Mabel Ross-Hurst, only child of Lt.-Col. W. J. Ross-Hurst of Jalna, Deccan, and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Calcutta, were married at St. Mary's Church, Poona. The bride



Cox-Deane

The marriage of Wing Commander W. J. Cox and Miss Mercia Deane took place at Lahore. In the above group from l. to r. are: Miss Zenobia Deane, the bridegroom and the bride, Miss Freesia Deane and F. Lt. R. G. Bartlett, bestman.



Rahman-Rahima

The wedding took place in Assam of Capt. H. Rahman, Baluch Regt., and Miss Rahima Ahmed, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Ahmed, Additional Sessions Judge, Assam. Capt. H. Rahman is the first Muslim Emergency Commissioned Officer from the Assam Valley and has recently returned from overseas.

was given away by her step-father, Mr. G. A. Johnson, Assistant Editor of "The Statesman," Calcutta, and the reception was held at the Poona Club. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson receiving the numerous guests among whom were Lt.-Col. G. P. U. Sanders, the bridegroom's C. O., Brig. N. Macdonald, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. Clarke, the bride's father, Lt.-Col. Ross Hurst, and Lt.-Col. R. V. Fox.

Are You Going Home?

Why not have "The Onlooker" sent to you each month? The annual subscription abroad is Rs. 19. Write: Circulation Director, "The Onlooker," United India Building, Sir Phirozeshah Mehta Road, Bombay.

Just Engaged!



The engagement is announced of Miss Sati Ramnany, daughter of Mr. Utankhand Ramnany of Sahiti, and Lt. Bhugwan Magerani, I.E.M.E., son of Dewan Teekchand of Sehwan, Sind.



Penning-Morgan

Lt. Maurice C. W. Penning, R.N.V.R., of Portsmouth, and Third Officer Edna Morgan, W.R.N.S., of Cardiff, were married at All Saints' Church, Malabar Hill, Bombay. From l. to r.: Rev. F. Thompson, Third Officer Hilda McPhail, W.R.N.S., the bridegroom and bride, Lt.(S) R. Evans, R.N.V.R., Rear-Admiral Oliver Bevir, Royal Navy, and Rev. E. H. Evans, R.N.V.R.

Hamilton Station.



Rattan-Bal

The wedding took place at Lahore of Captain Kewal Rattan, Dogra Regiment, and Sarla, daughter of Mr. Sunder Bal of Lahore. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ratan Rattan of Gilgit, Poonch and Jind State Services.



Ryalnce Clive

The wedding took place at St. Martin's Church, Jhansi, of Lt. Geoffrey Sutton Ryalnce, Queen's Royal Regt., attached to A. R., youngest son of Capt. and Mrs. F. J. Ryalnce of London, and Miss Hope Cuffa Clive, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Clive of Kenya.



Singh-Singh

The wedding took place at Delhi of Capt. K. Bhopinder Singh, Indian Army, and Jagjit Kaur, daughter of the late Sardar Gurdial Singh of Delhi. Capt. K. Bhopinder Singh belongs to a well-known Sialkot family and is the son of the late Captain Narendra Singh, I.M.S. His elder brother, F.Lt. Prilam Singh, is commanding a Royal Air Force unit somewhere in India.



Wood-Spencer

At the wedding of Major P. R. Wood, Royal Tank Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wood, of Stanmore, Middlesex, and Cynthia Marian Ellen Spencer, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. J. Spences, at All Saints' Church, Trimulgherry, from L. to R.: Capt. J. B. Gaskill (bestman), the bridegroom, the Rev. L. S. Jackson, the bride and Lt. J. E. Oulton. (SITTING): Mrs. J. Owen, Mr. A. G. Godbold, Mrs. and Capt. H. J. Spencer, Mrs. A. G. Godbold and Major J. Owen. (IN FRONT): Christine and Carol Godbold.



Nair-Kartha

The marriage took place at Malabar, South India, of Capt. C. P. Nair, I.M.S., and Sarada, daughter of Mr. A. K. Kannanunni Kartha of Ayalar, Cochin State.



Illingworth-de Peterson

Commander J. H. Illingworth, Royal Navy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Illingworth, Yorkshire, and Philippa de Peterson, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. P. W. Vaughan of Towrah, Melbourne, were married in Melbourne. Cmdr. Illingworth has been posted to Sydney where he and his wife are now residing.



Lucas-Turner

Capt. Howard Lucas, Somerset Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan C. Lucas of Purley, Surrey, and Miss Edith Turner, V.A.D., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Moffatt of Bromborough, Cheshire, were married at St. John's Church, Peshawar.



At one of the last big meetings of the Bombay season, officers of the forces and some Bombay residents enjoy a day's racing in the lovely setting at Mahalaxmi.



Mr. David Thom, who is now back again with the Bank of India after serving with His Majesty's Forces, takes a long look at his race book, in the hopes of being able to pick the winner.



H. E. the Governor of Bombay, Sir John Colville, with Mr. Tricunddas Dwarakadas, Chief Steward of the Royal Western India Turf Club, and Lt.-Col. Palk, Military Secretary to the Governor. In the background Lady Colville can be seen.

Since the beginning of the war the Royal Western India Turf Club has donated the magnificent sum of over 91 lacs of rupees to the Bombay War Gifts Fund.



Mr. and Mrs. Brinkoff snapped at a recent meeting. Mr. Brinkoff is with Messrs. Volkart Brothers, Bombay.



Begum Perwanji Saheba of Idar, discussing racing prospects with Major Colin Gulliland, Secretary of the Royal Western India Turf Club, on Bally Cup Day.

Racing



Mrs. Headley, Mr. R. W. Wilson and others.

Another successful racing. Over 14 lacs of rupees were raised for the Bombay Turf Club for the Bombay racing season and this, at Rs. 77,06,000 donated up to total. The entire proceeds of the 24 and March 31,



Even in war time, the racing season gives the "Onlooker" plenty to try to decide on their next bet. From L. Critchley, Steward of the Royal Western India Turf Club.

Bombay



Smith look as if they have backed the winner.

just come to a close in Bombay, ed by the Royal Western India iiffs Fund during the 1944-45 he already enormous figure of 1944, makes a most gratifying two last meetings, on March ded over to this Fund.



Bombay an opportunity of rising to the occasion caught these well-dressed Bombay personalities : Brace, Mrs. G. H. Critchley, wife of Lt-Col. lab; and Mrs. H. S. M. Donald of Pull Hill.



A glimpse of the crowd around the paddock studying form before making up their minds.



The Begum of Rampur and the Maharani of Rajpipla are frequently seen on the course whilst in Bombay.



Col. Thom, Deputy Red Cross Commissioner, and Mrs. Thom were among the numerous visitors enjoying a pleasant day's racing in Bombay.

LIFE:

The Maharaja of Idar and Sir Hovvi Mehta, two familiar figures at Mubaluxmi.



As usual the display of lovely series has been a feature of the racing season. Here are four Indian ladies enjoying a chat and relaxation between races. From L. to R : Miss A. Shirazee, Mrs. Sonavalla, Miss Begum Shirazee and Mrs. M. Mirza.



Major Beardsell studies the tote.

An Appreciation

LIEUTENANT General Sir Ronald Adam, Adjutant-General, speaking in London on his return from India, paid a very warm tribute to European women in India for their hospitality and help in welcoming and assisting British forces in India in this war. He said, "In Calcutta they are doing a most amazing job. That Club on the racecourse is a magnificent show. In general, in the big towns, all these women that have the time do help and you must remember a lot of these women have been living in this climate for more than six years and they must themselves be getting very tired."

We are indebted to the Adjutant-General who gave our correspondent special permission to quote his words in "The Onlooker."



Members of the W. V. S. Blighs Canteen, Bangalore, which was opened on July 1, 1942, and is still going strong. From L. to R. (SITTING): Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Roscoe, Mrs. J. Andrews (President), Mrs. G. Tayleur (Commandant), Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Clear and Mrs. Luffhouse. (SECOND ROW): Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Nisbet, Mrs. J. Brown (Secretary), Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Grubb, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Wall. (THIRD ROW): Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Bale, Mrs. Scott, Miss Dodsworth and Mrs. Lawrence.



Matron (Miss) M. R. Briggs was awarded the Royal Red Cross in the last New Year Honours List. At the beginning of the Burma campaign, she joined the Q.A.I.M.N.S. (B) and is now serving in Ceylon as Matron of a large Indian Military Hospital in the N. W. Army Command.



General Sir Claude Auchinleck, C.-in-C., in India, signing the visitors' book at Bahawalpur House, a Convalescent Home for troops in Lahore, while he was in that city inspecting and visiting clubs and leave centres run by the W. V. S., Lahore. With him is Mrs. Stott, who runs Bahawalpur House.



Two popular members of the W.A.S. (B) who have been doing a splendid job of work. (LEFT) Shirley Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Anderson of Bezwampet, Deccan, and (RIGHT) Joanna Macrae, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macrae of Peshawar.



Members of the Ferozepore W. V. S., taken on the occasion of the visit of Lady Glancy, President of the Punjab W. V. S. From L. to R. (FRONT ROW): Mrs. Chotia, Miss Pickering, Miss M. Pickering, Mrs. Goulfrey, Mrs. Llewellyn, Mrs. Gore, President, Ferozepore W. V. S.; Lady Glancy, Mrs. Gurdeep Singh, Mrs. O'Meara, Mrs. Gay, Mrs. Steers, Mrs. Master and Mrs. Rigby. (SECOND ROW): A visitor, Mrs. Mayadas, Mrs. Goshe, Mrs. M. Walsh, Mrs. Guar, Mrs. Macnamara, Provincial Hon. Secretary; Mrs. Prinsep, Mrs. Plomer, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Way, Mrs. Gompertz, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Williams, Mrs. V. Taylor, Mrs. S. Taylor, Mrs. Joginder Singh, Mrs. Keenan and Mrs. Lambert. (THIRD ROW): Mrs. Leakey, Hon. Secretary, Ferozepore Branch; Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Harbant Singh, Mrs. Alderson, Mrs. Prilam Singh, Mrs. Huihwaite, Mrs. McGowan, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Skipper, Mrs. Damerell, Mrs. Grice, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Pamment, Miss Richards, Mrs. Tibbs, Mrs. Sayers, Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Watkins.



June, young daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. N. Davidson, of Rawalpindi, riding Mrs. Martin's "Fitz." She is an efficient and fearless rider. Lt.-Col. Davidson is now serving with the C.M.F.

Tactful Tactics

By Sidney Halli

ANY women whose husbands have to remain in the plains this summer are spending the hot months in an hotel in the hills.

It is probable, if you are one of them, that you will find a few people you know, but you are almost certain to make new contacts, and that is the time to exercise tact.

Don't, at your first or second meeting, pour out your soul to your new acquaintance, Mrs. N. You may think that is a ridiculous statement. But a woman was talking to me the other day. I didn't even know her name—and within 20 minutes, over a cup of coffee, she had told me her life story; and a lot of intimate details can be confided in a quarter of an hour. Sooner or later—and it is usually sooner—you establish contact through a mutual friend, either living in the place you come from, or where Mrs. N. spends the winter. Do, I beg of you, say nothing, but the best of this absence, especially if your opinion of her is not of the highest. Quietly think up all the nice things you do know, and say them, rather than anything detrimental. Who knows but that she may turn out to be Mrs. N.'s best friend and that Mrs. N. may get straight back and tell her what you have said. However much you dislike her privately, you can always admire her figure, or her clothes, or her energy.



Jane, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Minkley of the Ouchterlony Valley, in the Nigrits. She was 11 weeks old when this photograph was taken.



The United Nations 1 British, Czech, Chinese and Greek children—all attend Holmsted School, run by Miss O'Brien and Mrs. Smolin, in the garden of Sir Edward Benthall's house in New Delhi. From L. to R. (SEVENTH ROW): Stephen Spiers, Malcolm Kerr, Hilary Hunt, Richard Thorne, L. Roberts, John Cracknell, Priscilla Russell, Patricia Hunt, Ann Yovanovitz, Henry Herberich, Timothy Hewson, Alec Yovanovitz, Roger Richard, Nicky Dosh and Barry Burridge. (FIRST ROW) Nona Boyer, Alan Little, Prudence Ralli, Clare Matthews and Anna Hurst. (SECOND ROW): Eileen Becton, Judith Innes, Mitchell Dunbar, Roger Cuckram, Ann Hunt, Daphne Roberts, Stephen Ralli, Simon Hunt, Margaret Storr and Hazel Williams. (THIRD ROW): Colin Randall, Anthea Rowan, David Johnston, Richard Frost, Lisann Johnstone and Angela Thorne. (FOURTH ROW): Tommy Dosh, Pamela Van Milligen, Peter Johnston, Rosemary Frost, Timothy Nightingale, Nicole Boyer, Barbara Richard and Julia Haddow. (FIFTH ROW): Jane Godfrey, Edward Lewis, Susan Heyland, Ian Randall, Jacqueline Kerr and Elizabeth Haddow.



Yuvraj Sahab Shivendrasinhji of Palitana whose father, H. H. Thakore Sahab Shri Sir Bahadursinhji of Palitana, has just celebrated his Silver Jubilee.

It's Always The

Way

Yes, Martha bakes a toothsome cake:
I'm fond of Martha's pies:
There's something about Martha's
steak.
But I like Mary's eyes.

True worth shines clear in Martha's
work:
Her linen's white as snow.
Dear Martha, never known to shirk
But Mary's voice is low.

With nimble fingers Martha sews
A sure and certain thread.
She knits and neatly darns her hose
But Mary's lips are red.

Who Mary weds, weds charms that fade:
Martha's a prize supreme.
But, strange the way of man with maid,
Of Mary 'tis I dream.

"Dismas"

Another occasion when saying what you really think merely causes pain, is when your daughters or the friend staying with you, appears really dressed for an outing, and asks:

"How do I look?"

Your private opinion may be that she could not look worse, but what good will it do to say so? Her escort is already on the doorstep, so she cannot possibly change her dress or alter her hair style at the last minute. If you criticize either, it will merely throw a cloud over her entire evening's enjoyment. If it is your own daughter, restrain yourself even the next morning, when the glamour of the party is still around. Wait until before she is preparing to enjoy herself the next time, and then slip in a tactful word, that perhaps the dress she wore the other evening was a little startling for that particular gathering, or that she doesn't do justice to her hair when it is worn in a knot, and in your opinion it looks at its most *chic* arranged in a halo of curls round her head.

And now a word about one of the most common of all forms of tact—the white lie. Suppose you are late for an appointment, and that you have kept a girl friend waiting. Tell the truth if you can, but if for any good reason you do not want to, for goodness' sake think up a good excuse. Without embroidery. Having outlined the reason, many people over-teach themselves, get over-confident, and become involved in a fabric of lies. One unvarnished fact is far more convincing than a wealth of words, and is easier to remember! Having once made your excuse, stick to it.

Suppose the shoe is on the other foot, and you are the one who has been kept waiting. When your friend does turn up, accept her quietly. It probably was not her fault, and anyway, words will not bring back the wasted minutes. There is a well-known saying that a gentleman is one who is never rude unintentionally. One might define a tactful woman as one who leaves unsaid the right thing at the right moment.



After the christening at Christ Church, Cawnpore, of Hugo Geoffrey, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Wilkinson. From L. to R.: Mr. Powell, Mr. H. A. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, Capt. T. C. Wilkinson and, in front, Mrs. Powell with Hugo Geoffrey.



Mrs Mollie Kaye, whose book "Strange Island" was reviewed in the December number of the "Onlooker," has recently completed the mural decorations of the new Hallen Canteen in Dehra Dun. Miss Kaye is, in private life, Mrs. Hamilton. Her husband, Major G. J. Hamilton, D.S.O., is at present with the 14th Army.

The Dog Collar Returns

By Gene Graham

SOME years ago when that unmistakable sign of old age—the double chin—made its appearance, Madams used to tie a velvet ribbon around her neck which was promptly dubbed the "dog collar". This has now returned to favour but as a whim of fashion rather than a thing of ridicule and it is the young woman with a firm round chin and youthful neck who is first to wear it.

Out here as many fashions are dependent on importations from home, but a dog-collar to match any frack can easily be evolved with a little ingenuity, and it is an excellent way to make use of that bit of ribbon or string of beads that has been lying around. Take that long string of pearls (probably cultured, but what matter?) and divide it into two, three or four strands, depending on the extent it will go; knot them together on each side to keep in place and fasten with a little bow of ribbon at the throat or nape of the neck. Or take that necklace of Kashmir jade and for the erude collar substitute a bow of green or gold ribbon. The odd bracelet made up of tiny squares of painted ivory or mother-of-pearl, with a broken clasp or a missing link, can easily be pieced out with a bit of ribbon and worn around the neck as a collar.

To go back to the old-fashioned velvet ribbon, this can be worn plain tied in a bow, or embroidered or beaded in an attractive design. A diamante clip,

an enamelled buckle or even a fancy button can be substituted for a bow.



This style is particularly suitable for the Indian woman in her sari as she frequently wears some neck adornment with it. And, too, she usually has various oddments of jewellery—gold necklaces, stones and beads, which can be utilised to make a fashionable collar.

Don't Throw Away

By "Kukri."

An Old Bath Towel

Whose edges no longer stand up to Father's vigorous back scrubbing!

Instead

Square off the bigger unhol-y parts as lavatory cloths, with a tape in one corner for hanging—one to each bathroom, please, to avoid excessive hanging by the sweeper—and the smaller bits as face cloths for the family.



Puspha, 14-year-old daughter of Mr. D. V. Rega, I.C.S., Chairman of the Labour Investigation Committee, Government of India, at Simla, and Mrs. Rega. She is a talented young dancer and last season gave a recital at the Simla Ladies' Club, in the presence of Her Excellency, Lady Wavell. She is seen above wearing her Manipuri dancing dress.

Minor Repairs

By Bimla Luthra

EVERY house has a door that creaks, bulbs that jam and some window shutters that stick in the rainy season. These are such little things that one's husband is constantly forgetting to get the "mitty" in, in spite of repeated reminders at the breakfast table. And then it is really difficult to get a carpenter, for an hour or so, because they like to work where there is at least a whiff of pay to do. Most of us suffer these little irritations from time to time, neither very patiently nor very silently, I must admit.

This makes me wonder why more of us do not keep at home a few simple and easily handled implements, such as a hammer, a plane, screw driver, saw and an assortment of nails and screws. You will find, as I have, that many odd repairs can be carried out very satisfactorily and with very little effort. Besides it is very economical in the long run. Little defects when attended to in time lengthen the life of furniture and other household articles very much indeed. The saying "a stitch in time saves nine" was never truer or more practical than to-day, with the war at our doors.

When you have those appliances at home, you will find that there are a number of improvements you can carry out which might otherwise never have been thought of at all. Little things such as loose bat-pegs, sagging curtain cords, and that nail which projects ever so slightly from the door, with many personalities of mischief, inasmuch as it might hurt the children or ruin your saree if you are not careful, can all be set right.

Children are acknowledged experts at breaking things. You can make their wooden toys for them, a game in which you will find them joining in with great enthusiasm. Besides, carpentry is a very good hobby for grown-up children. They get great fun out of making things for themselves, such as book-ends, ink-stands, picture frames or book-nests. At the same time, they can add to their equipment by getting them fret-work saws and hand-drills, and thus help them to create more interest in manual work.

Sketches of Indian Types

The Parsee

By Hilla C. Vakeel

INDIA, which is the home of nearly one-fifth of the human race and a pot-pourri of different communities and castes, provides opportunities for a very interesting study of different types. In the streets of Bombay alone one sees a parade of all communities—Hindus, Parsees, Sikhs, Punjabis, Khojas, South Indians, Marwaris, Morabs, Goanese and others—and although it is not always possible to tell the men apart since they have taken to Western clothes, the women still present a bewildering variety of get-up and costume.

The Parsees (descendants of the ancient Persians who came to India 1200 years ago to escape religious persecution) have, in recent years, been sartorially divided between those who wear their sari in the traditional Gujarati way and those who have adopted the Mahomedan mode, now becoming happily for all concerned, an all-India affair. In the former, the sari is arranged as a skirt, has a number of pleats which descend from the waist to the ground, while one end, suspended from the right shoulder and gathered into a brooch, terminates near the left instep, while the opposite end is pinned under the skirt at the waist. A European blouse, shoes and bag to match, accompany this type of dress, though the pendulum appears to have swung in recent years towards Indianisation, and chappals, nairis and cholis are taking their place.

A Parsee girl's wardrobe is usually an expensive affair, for one thing, because she belongs to the "haves" of the world; for another, because custom entails gifts of endless sets of clothes from the in-laws to the bride, as well as from the mother, grandmother, aunts, relatives and cousins to the forthright remove. At the engagement ceremony—which, when carried out in the traditional manner, is a

very elaborate affair indeed and cluttered with ritual,—the bride is made to stand on a low wooden stool, about four inches from the ground, while various female relatives, extending generosity and the hearty cheerfulness peculiar to such occasions, put a spot of vermilion on the forehead, dab it with rice, throw some grains above her head and present her with a new outfit complete with undies, silk handkerchief, stockings, shoes, underslip, sari and blouse. Sometimes in orthodox households, the bride is divested of her sari (which entails standing in an underslip before an albeit exclusively female audience) and robed in the new affair to the strains of an old Gujarati song, usually sung falsetto by amiable old ladies with an unshakable faith in the blessings of matrimony.

As pioneers of women's education in India, the Parsees still continue to educate their daughters as much as, and sometimes more expensively than, their sons. Absence of economic compulsion, however, causes much of the training to remain unused except, of course, as a factor in the development of personality. Too much of the ease of life, plus a clinging to values far removed from the spheres of artistic or intellectual activity has, to my mind, tended to make Parsee life a rather dim and colourless affair. The Parsee girl is a product of this environment which, however, also reflects qualities of kindness, grit, a sturdy sobriety, an eagerness to clutch at Progress (concretised in its flashier aspects) and a desire to share the good things of life with others. She has contributed, both directly and indirectly, to the sum total of the community's achievements—and if current indications are to be believed—seems better equipped to work for its welfare than the masculine section of the community at the present time.

Sira Says

Cut That Complex

When you are the only stranger at a gathering, d'you feel how smart all the other women are, and how dowdy you are yourself? When you get to know them you'll find they experience the same feelings when they are newcomers.

D'you feel tongue-tied at a social gathering, with total strangers on either side of you? Believe it or not, we've all gone through it. Make an effort to begin any subject, however trite, and you'll soon find it easy to chatter away on any topic.

Self-conscious about your figure? Look around, and you'll spy dozens worse than yours, whose owners don't allow the fact to spoil their pleasures.

D'you never seem to buy so much for so little money as others? Yes, but what about those not-so-thrifty bargains they don't happen to mention?

Do casual callers surprise (and humiliate) you in *deshabille*? That's a thing you can definitely remedy. Always keep up to scratch, and an unexpected visitor will bring you no blushes.

Nor so clever as his other girl friend? Ten to one that's why he likes you.

Complexion blemishes? Almost any page of advertisements will tell you what to do about those. Moreover, the right treatment will add sparkle to your eye and a healthful spring to your step.

Even if you think your lot is harder than that of your friends and neighbours, don't admit it *even to yourself*. Sell pity never did any good. It is self-help that works miracles.



An attractive study by Berko of Madame Mustafa, the Turkish wife of Mr. Mustafa Husein, a well-known businessman of Madras, who has been spending a few months in Bombay with her children.

Kitchen Keeness

By Margery Brand

Fish Molee

MOLLIES are usually made in South India, Ceylon and Malay, coconut being the essential ingredient. If this recipe is tried out in England, desiccated coconut can be used instead of fresh. It is a most satisfying dish to make (the ingredients can be bought at any big stores) because it is simple and the result unusual and most pleasing to the palate, even to people who do not like curries very much. It would be popular on the most sophisticated of menus as a luncheon dish anywhere in the world.

Ingredients.

- 6 fillets of fish,
- thick coconut milk,
- 2 or 3 onions sliced finely,
- 3 cloves of garlic sliced,
- 6 slices of fresh ginger,
- 3 or 4 chillies cut in lengths and seeds removed,
- one heaped tablespoonful of ground turmeric,
- quarter pound of butter,
- 4 cloves and 4 cardamoms,
- salt to taste.

Method.

Fry the chopped onions, garlic, spices and slices of ginger in butter but do not brown. Add the turmeric which you have made into a paste with warm water or fish stock, add the chillies and simmer on a very low fire for five minutes. Then add the coconut milk and salt and bring to boiling point. Remove from the fire and add the fillets of fish but do not stir again. Continue simmering until done. It is important not to stir after the fish has been added as it will break up and spoil the effect. Serve this dish with plain boiled rice and lime cut in sections for individual taste. The juice of the lime does improve the flavour.

To make the thick coconut milk. Grate the flesh of a large coconut (or use half a pound desiccated coconut). Put in a pan and cover with one and a half pints of water, bring to the boil and let it stand for half an hour. Squeeze out the liquid from the coconut with a potato presser or a thick muslin bag. *That* is the coconut milk that is required.

Lady Into Chef

By Kay Morley

MANY women in India are planning to return to England and for most of us this means farewell to a cook who was certainly a blessing, though sometimes cannibalized.

Let us practise our cooking now before we sail, so as to master the art before finding ourselves with a hungry family clamouring for three daily meals, and ourselves the maid of all work.

First, make a note of the different kinds of cookery necessary at home, that is baking, boiling, frying, roasting and

so on. Under each of these headings put about three things which you would like to be able to cook reliably. For instance, under baking I wrote scones, pastry and cakes. (Although eggs and other ingredients are often hard to get in India, and are luxuries in England, the day will come when supplies are normal again, and so, if we can obtain all we need here, it is a good idea to practise making anything and everything.) Under boiling, come leg of mutton and tongue, potatoes and some vegetables.

Your first effort should be something you really want to cook, and enjoy eating. Make up your mind what it

(Continued on page 43)

"Who?"

- Who cooks all the meals without any gas?
- Who carries home loads only fit for an ass?
- Who mends all the "woolies" without any wool?
- Though rationed in butter whose cake-tins are full?
- Who prays her girls' bloomers will always stay right?
- (As she can't buy elastic the prospect's not bright!)
- Who sees that her family's always well fed?
- Who knows all the vitamins from "A" down to "Z"?
- Who keeps father civil when guests stop too late?
- Who makes frocks for daughter when keeping a date?
- Who bakes cakes for son who is far overseas?
- Who digs in the garden and prunes the fruit trees?
- Who works hard all day and far into the night?
- Who never "goes slow", never thinks of a strike?
- Who is clever with coupons when buying her meat?
- Whose family always has plenty to eat?
- Who helps at canteens and fries eggs by the score?
- Who is never in trams a bit later than FOUR?
- In short who's the heroine of this world war?

The Housewife

The above appeared in England and was sent to "The Onlooker" by Lady Kay, wife of Sir Joseph Kay, Bombay.



Mrs. Shah Khan and two-year-old Jehangir, the wife and son of Major Paul Shah Khan, Hyderabad Lancers.



Paul Freeman.
Miss Elizabeth Winifred Lockhart, younger daughter of Major-General R. M. M. Lockhart, New Delhi, and Mrs. Lockhart, Woodbridge, Suffolk. Her engagement to Lt. Edward Peter Woods, Welsh Guards, younger son of Brigadier J. H. Woods, and Mrs. Spott, was recently announced in England.



At the Allied Services Art Exhibition held in New Delhi, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Humphrys points out official photographer Capt. A. R. Sethi's "Assault on Mywaya," which was awarded the Commander-in-Chief in India's prize.

The Voice of Delhi

By "Mrs. Hawksbee"

DELHI's historic Red Fort was again the scene of the presentation, by His Excellency, Field Marshal Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, of five Victoria Crosses, won by Indian soldiers. His Excellency was accompanied by Her Excellency the Viscountess Wavell and their two daughters, the Hon'ble Mrs. Francis Humphrys and the Hon'ble Miss Felicity Wavell.

Sepoy Bhandari Ram, 10th Baluch Regt., Rifleman Tuli Bahadur Pun, 6th Gurkha Rifles, the widow of Jendral Rani Sarup Singh, 1st Punjab Regt., the widow of Naik Yeshwant Gaduge, 10th Mahatta Light Infantry and the mother of Rifleman Sher Bahadur Thapa, 9th Gurkha Rifles, received Victoria Crosses.

Among the distinguished gathering were: His Excellency, the C-in-C, in India, General Sir Claude Auchinleck, General Sir Oliver Leese, C-in-C, Allied Land Forces, the Maharaja of Patiala, Major-General Lane, who represented Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Countess of Carlisle, Colonel Irving Douth and Mrs. Douth, Major-General Rob Lockhart, Major-General Vernon Evans, U.S.A. Army, Commodore Howson, R.N., Major-General and Mrs. Victor Westropp, Major-General Tom Scott, Major-General and Mrs. Holden, Vice-



Simla's "Victory Shop" has now completed its second year and during that period has donated Rs. 40,000 to war funds. The above photo shows some of the workers who helped to make the Shop such a success. From l. to r.: Mrs. Leys, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Shone, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Campbell-Harris, Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Sutcliffe. Regular workers not included in the group are Mrs. Denholm-Young, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Lockie and Mrs. Arnold.

Admiral and Mrs. Godfrey, Major-General Hodgen, Colonel and Mrs. Currie, the Hon. Sir Feroz Khan and Lady Noon, the Hon. Sir Huseinuddin, S. Cmdr. Elizabeth Boyer, the Raja of Bawalpur, Sir Sayendra and Lady Roy, Air Vice Marshal Thomas, Col. and Mrs. Williamson, Major Peter Coats, Comptroller to H.E. the Viceroy, Brigadier Vaughan, Major and Mrs. Howson, Captain the Earl of Euston, Captain W. Henderson R.M. and Captain Bruce Fortune, A.D.C. to H.E. the Viceroy, and Colonels Jimmie Drake and Maurice Garroway who were guests of the C-in-C.

In the afternoon over 600 Indian Officers and men belonging to the various regiments of the Indian Army V.C.s, were the guests of H.E. the Viceroy



Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Leys of New Delhi. She is a 1. Cpl. in the W.A.C. (D) and found of amateur dramatics and took the part of Prince Charming in "Cinderella" recently staged in Delhi by the W.E.C. Variety Company.



The Hon'ble Sir Jeremy Raisman, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., I.C.S., Finance Member, Government of India, giving the finishing touches to the General Budget for 1945-46.

and the Viscountess Wavell at an informal garden party held at the Viceroy's House. A wonderful tea was served in the dining hall and afterwards the guests moved out to the Moghul Gardens. These famous gardens, always beautiful, were at their loveliest. Their Excellencies moved amongst their guests and chatted to many of the soldiers present.

Personalities

The Duke of Devonshire, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, Miss Freya Stark, the well-known novelist, whose home is in Baghdad, and Captain the Hon. A. Wavell have all been in



At the inauguration of the Tughbhadra Project at Munirabad, H.H. the Prince of Berar (Nizam's Heir-apparent), inspecting the site with Nawab Zain Yar Jung Bahadur, the Nizam's P.W.D. Minister.

Delhi recently and were guests at the Viceroy's House. Major-General John Covell, U.S.A. Army, is back from the United States. His Highness, the Maharaja of Bapjira, and His Highness, the Maharaja of Cooch-Bihar, have been on a flying visit here.

Delhi is going through one of its numerous spasms of farewell parties. Major and Mrs. Gordon Hunt, whose lovely baby boy was christened at St. James's Church recently, are off. Miss Nancy Leitch is another departure. The lovely Nancy was very popular and Delhi's loss will be Kandy's gain for I hear Nancy has arrived there. Col. and Mrs. Alchurst are also leaving us; Millic Alchurst is an indefatigable Canteen worker and full of enthusiasm for any job she tackles.

Last month I mentioned that John Davis was on a visit here from Chungking; little did I dream that he had really only dropped in on us in order to collect his lovely wife, Patricia. And would you believe it, he has whisked her off to Moscow? Patricia was last seen in Delhi looking too glamorous for words in the most heavenly leopard skin coat. How these Americans get around! I'm willing to wager the next time we hear of John and Pat they will be house-hunting in Berlin! I'm afraid Delhi did not appreciate Patricia Davis; she is one of the cleverest women who has ever graced this Capital.

Mrs. Hickey has waved good-bye to Delhi but her sister collaborators are still hard at work. An interesting crowd of women this little group. Prominent among them are, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. O'Sullivan, the wife of Col. Pat O'Sullivan, Mrs. Travers Smith, the wife

(Continued on page 40)



Taken at a garden party given by Rani Sahiba and Maharaj Ajatshru Singh of Sherkot on the occasion of the marriage of Rajkumar Rajendra Singh to Princess Dihya Laxmi Devi of Nepal. H. E. the Governor of U. P. and Lady Hallett are the guests of honour. From l. to r.: Major-General Kiran Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, Lady Hallett, H. E. General Sir Krishna Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, G. O. C.-in-C. of the Nepalese Contingents in India, Major-General Basant Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, Maharaj Mandhata Singh, Major-General Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana and the bridegroom arriving at the party.



Brigadier Sir Stewart Duke-Elder (CENTRE) Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon to the British Troops in U. K., Middle East and Burma, spent a few days in Bombay visiting Military Hospitals before leaving for Burma. He was a guest of Colonel Sir J. N. Duggan (RIGHT) and Lady Duggan, during his stay in Bombay. Brigadier Bridgeman (LEFT) is the Consulting Ophthalmic Specialist for India.



Mrs. Kothawala, wife of Capt. J. D. Kothawala of Poisons Ltd., Bombay, with her 10-months-old Cairn Terrier "Bestial Bella," winner of the highest award in breed class of the Bombay Presidency Championship Dog Show this year. With her is Miss Nini Karani and her "Bubbles," adjudged the best opposite sex.

Gateway Gossip

By "The Gleaner."

THE Royal Indian Navy had a gala day 75 miles inland from its coastal base when H.E. the Governor of Bombay "launched" H.M.I.S. Shivaji in the presence of three Admirals, many other officers and quite a gathering of friends from Bombay. The new "ship" is the new R.I.N. Mechanical Training Establishment and on the bridge is that able engineer officer, Commander (B.) Coverdale Smith with Lt.-Commander Denham at his Number One. The Commander has, in fact, nursed the project right from its beginnings and visitors were astonished to see the perfection of the arrangements made for training all ranks in the engineering side of the Navy.

The "ship" is virtually a new township in a delightful corner set among the hills, and Mrs. Coverdale Smith and Mrs. Denham have settled in comfortably in new bungalows with their families. One or two other married officers also live there, while the rest live in the township four miles away.

The Governor did not break a bottle of champagne over the bows of the ship for two reasons—no champagne and



Mrs. M. G. R. Aitken, Mrs. A. S. Chadwick, Mrs. B. J. Petit and Mrs. Banoo P. Sethna, the organisers of the Bombay Victory Stall and Cafe which has had to close down after a most successful four-year run on account of losing its premises. It is hoped, however, that the Victory Stall and Cafe will re-open in the near future, as soon as new premises are available, and continue its most necessary and valuable work.

no bows—but he reviewed a parade of the personnel and with the other visitors drank to the success of the venture. Vice-Admiral Godfrey, F.O.C., R.I.N., Vice-Admiral Bevir, R.N., and Rear-Admiral Ratnay were among the many service visitors, while on the civil side were the leading engineers of Bombay City—and their wives—Mr. Godfrey Collins, Adviser to the Governor (Mrs. Collins and Rosemary are now back in England), the Bishop of Bombay, presumably to give his blessing to the "ship," and others.

The Victory Cafe

The closing of the Victory Stall and Cafe will leave a big blank in the life of Bombay.

The Victory Stall was started four years ago by Mrs. M. G. R. Aitken and Mrs. Nadia Dubash with voluntary helpers to sell home-made delicacies and novelties. In July of the same year, Mrs. A. S. Chadwick and Mrs. Trilip organised the Cafe where refreshments could be had in the very pleasantly furnished and homelike little tea-room situated near the Army and Navy Stores. At the time of closing, due to losing its premises and not being able to find any other in already overcrowded Bombay, there were four organisers in charge of the Stall and Cafe, Mrs. Aitken who had taken over the charge of the Cafe from Mrs. Chadwick who had had to give it up due to ill health while remaining in charge of donations and so on; Mrs. B. J. Petit who joined the Stall from the very beginning and took over full charge of that department, as well as the provision counter, and Mrs. Banoo P. Sethna who ran the canteen and cakes. All the serving at tables was done by voluntary workers whose help and loyal support made possible the running of the Cafe. Mr. H. Mercer was the Hon. Treasurer and lent his great knowledge of accounting to the Cafe.

During its four years' run the Victory Stall and Cafe donated over two lacs of rupees to war charities, not an anna being



Mrs. Herbert Smith (RIGHT), Hon. Branch Secretary of the Navy Sheepskin Jackets League in Bombay, with Mrs. Reg. Harris, Hon. Assistant Secretary. The Navy Sheepskin Jackets League closed its office in Bombay last month. Started in June 1941 by Mrs. Smith (Gladys), the League has collected over two lacs in donations and has sold one lac of by-products. It has shipped over 14,000 jackets, helmets and gloves to London, where they have been distributed to men of the Navies and Merchant Service. In addition to this, 2,500 sets have been given away in Bombay.

spent on expenses as these were met by donations and gifts.

While talking to the organisers, I was told that they have great hopes of opening again in the near future as they are making all possible efforts to find new accommodation and, meanwhile, they are having a well-deserved rest.

Y.W.C.A.

Lady Colville, wife of H.E. the Governor of Bombay, presided over the Annual General Meeting of the Y.W.C.A. which was a well-attended function, held in a shantiana in the Y.W.C.A. grounds. Mrs. H. E. Jones, President of

the Association, welcomed Lady Colville who, in her talk, particularly stressed the progress made by the Y.W.C.A. in Bombay.

Miss Law, who has been General Secretary of the Association in Bombay for many years, has now resigned and taken up an appointment as the National Youth Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. for India, Burma and Ceylon. She will be remembered here for her conscientious work and pleasant personality. Miss Law was wearing a particularly becoming pale grey dress that set off to perfection her silvery hair. Lady Colville was in white with scattered red and black design,

(Continued on page 39)



Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., C-in-C. Allied Land Forces, SEAC.



The R.I.N.'s new Mechanical Training Establishment H.M.I.S. "Shivaji," was opened by the Governor of Bombay at Lonavla. Well equipped and embodying the latest ideas on the planning of Naval instructional centres, it will train artificers who will be responsible for the repair and maintenance of machinery and mechanical equipment in H.M.I. Ships and Establishments. The above shows (LEFT) Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, being greeted on arrival by Vice-Admiral J. H. Godfrey and (RIGHT) some of the numerous guests who attended the opening ceremony. From L to R: (BOTTOM ROW) Lt.-Comdr. Hooper, M.B.E., R.N.V.R., Lt.-Comdr. Higham, R.I.N.V.R., Commander Downie, R.I.N., Sir Rustom Masani, Mr. G. F. S. Collins, Adviser to H.E., the Governor, Mr. A. W. Puttick, Mr. H. V. Pointon, Lt.-Col. R. B. Emerson, General Manager, G.I.P. Railway, Mrs. Pointon, and Mr. A. E. Jones.



Major G. H. Hartmann, Cavalry Regt., and Mrs. Hartmann with their son Michael John, after his christening at Sunderland.



Sad Ldr. and Mrs. J. Blair-Hill, after the christening at New Delhi of their infant daughter, Isla-Jean. Their other daughter, Fiona Barbara, seems very pleased to have a new sister.



Taken after the luncheon party given on the occasion of the christening of Kevin John, infant son of Sad Ldr. and Mrs. Bernard Fane-Saunders, at the Sacred Heart Cathedral, New Delhi. Sad Ldr. Saunders was well known in Calcutta as the Manager of the Imperial Tobacco Co., before the war. L. to R. (SEATED): Rev. Fr. Swarbrick, Mrs. McGearey, Sad Ldr. Fane-Saunders, Mrs. Fane-Saunders with Kevin John, Major N. Hogg (godfather), Lady Griffin (prose godmother), and Sir Arthur Griffin. (STANDING): Miss L. Douglas, Major L. Gilbert, W. Conde, W. Duce, Mrs. Humerford, Sad Ldr. B. Salmon, Mrs. Taylor, Lt.-Col. F. Taylor, W. Conde, A. Sellar, Lt. Col. J. Willis, Mrs. Gilbert, Sad Ldr. J. Cotton, Capt. K. Conlon, Royal Navy, Capt. Robinson, Mrs. Topham and Col. J. Topham.



At the christening of Elizabeth May Evelyn, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. A. Kadd, which took place at St. Andrew's Church, Bangalore. (SEAT L. to R.): Miss Emma Christison, Miss Ann Christison, godmother, they are the daughters of Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip and Lady Christison, Capt. Kadd, Mrs. Morrison (godmother), Mrs. Matheson, Mrs. Kadd with Elizabeth, Mrs. Stevens, Lt. Chapman, Mr. Daulton, Major Hugh Stevens, godfather, and Capt. McKnight.



Two-months-old Terence Joanna O'Brien, with her mother, Mrs. Sheila O'Brien is the widow of Major T. P. R. O'Brien, Gurkha Rifles.

LIVE

After the christening at Agra of John Christopher, son of Major R. J. Gray, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Gray. From L. to R. (SEATED): Miss General J. S. S. Morris, K.H.S., I.A.M.G. (godfather), Mrs. A. Holland (prose godmother), Mrs. Gray with John Christopher, Major Gray, Father Bonaventure and Major J. P. N. Helicote. (STANDING): Lt.-Col. R. C. Philips, I.A.M.C., J. Cdr. A. Youngson, Mrs. S. F. Baird, Lt.-Col. Baird, R.A.M.C., Capt. P. L. J. Heaton, I.A.M.C., Capt. J. McKinnin, R.A.M.C., J. Cdr. L. Gabb, and Lt.-Col. K. M. Sana, I.A.M.C.



Major and Mrs. J. B. Rayner, with their daughter, Susan, photographed at Quetta after the christening of their infant son, Simon Hugh Drummond.



After the christening at All Saints' Church, Coonoor, of Colin Howe, infant son of Lt.-Cdr. W. L. Scurr, R.I.N., R., and Mrs. Scurr.

This Is A Tarradiddle :

"Have you children, Mrs. Money-penny?"

"Yes, one son by the third wife of my second husband and twins by the second wife of my first husband."

* * *

And This A Tale

Stewart was slightly conceited. On receiving congratulations upon his recent engagement he replied: "Thanks, yes. I think we shall be very, very happy indeed. Betty absolutely adores me—and so do I."

* * *

Unanimous :

"My wife," he began insinuatingly, "doesn't understand me."
"Who could," sniffed his stenographer. "Will you kindly repeat that last dictation?"

* * *

Don't Forget :

"We are holding a jumble sale in the church hall," announced the minister. "This will give you a fine opportunity to get rid of anything not worth keeping, but too good to give away. And don't forget to bring your husbands."

* * *

A True One !

Nineteen-year-old airman—"Sprog" Sergeant—home on leave, walking along Hornby Road with fond mother. Passed an Air Vice-Marshal.

Fond mother: Who's that saluting you, darling?

* * *

Cherry-Oh !

A minister was very fond of cherry brandy, and one of his elders thought he would play a joke on him.

"I'll give you a bottle of cherry brandy," he said, "if you will promise to acknowledge it in the church magazine."

The minister undertook to do this, and in due course a paragraph appeared in the magazine, thanking the donor for his gift of fruit and the spirit in which it was given.

CLUES DOWN

1. Tracks (5)
2. Country (3)
3. Narrating (7)
4. Suddenly (7)
5. Prodnood (7)
6. Little pie (7)
7. Feelling (9)
8. Entrusted to (9)
14. Depress (5,4)
15. Not continuous (9)
16. Falshood (3)
18. Unwell (3)
20. Scrowfulness (7)
21. Save (7)
22. Hiddleins (7)
23. Fasty (7)
27. Freed from pain (5)
33. Titled (5)



"How about giving me a 'chaste salute' as a change from military ones?"

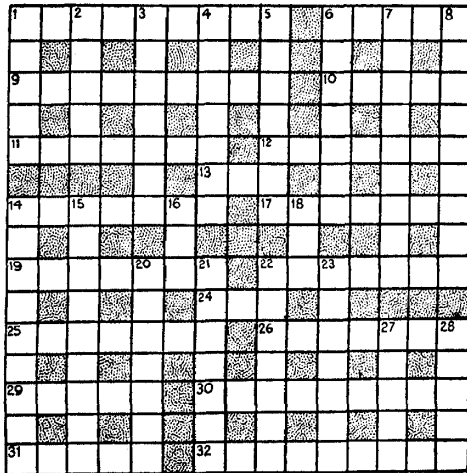
Always Plentiful :

Cups and saucers and general household china are now difficult to come by. However, the racing fraternity can always be relied upon to keep up the supply of mugs.

Old Acquaintances :

Squire's Daughter: This is my fiancée, Mrs. Gumm.
Village Postmistress: Please to meet you, sir. I 'ave so enjoyed your love-letters.

"Onlooker" Crossword



(Solution on page 47.)

Cabbages And..

When onions caused a painful boil King Arthur left Shalott.
His restless (k)night's disturbed the Queen,
Who cried "O lance—a lot."

Canute once tried to stop the tide And found the water wet.
He learned that waves so permanent Object to being set.

King Robert Bruce was nearly scorched,
And hope had almost gone:
He spied a spider spinning thread—
And Robert cottoned on.

King Wenceslas was fond of chess,
His wench, alas, was bored:
Good Wenceslas would check his mate,
But Wence's lass just snored.

King Alexander called war's tune And trumpets stirred the land.
When bowmen tried to swing their strings
He banned his ragtime band.

King Lear, King Kong and Seven Kings,
King Penguin near the Pole,
And all the kings of industry (Including old King Cole),
King Lud and even Ethelred
Now rush to claim a place—
But what's the use of all these kings
If someone holds the ace?

H. C. Bear

Shopping In Bombay !

"I see you have a sign in your shop, 'We aim to please,'" remarked the customer.

"Certainly," replied the shopkeeper, "that's our motto."

"Well," said the customer, "you ought to take a little time off for target practice."

* * *

The Whole Truth :

Lawyer: I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything?

His Client: Except where I hid the money. I want that for myself.

* * *

Too True :

Eligible: What's the best thing to induce chest expansion?

Seasoned Tommy: Medals.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Regulation of traffic at a crossing (9)
6. Assumed an attitude (5)
9. Wave caused by an earthquake (9)
10. Harmonious (5)
11. Principal strength (7)
12. Pressing forward (7)
13. Species of deer (3)
14. Move sinuously (7)
17. Cut sounder (7)
19. Places upon (7)
22. Stopped (7)
24. Girl's name (3)
25. Religious festival (7)
26. Three-pronged spear (7)
29. Fruit (5)
30. In a disturbed manner (9)
31. Wangle (5)
32. Hold up (9)

My Shooting Autobiography

By Major B. L. Herdon,
M.B.E.

No. 18. After Muggar On The Suttie

DURING the winter of 1926-27 I received an invitation from my uncle, Tubby, the late S. N. Herdon, to join him in a muggar-shooting holiday down the Suttie; I accepted with alacrity. It was in the nature of a family party, the other guests, the "rites"—being my cousins, G. C. R. Herdon, that redoubtable policeman, now a District Officer in the Frontier Constabulary, and his younger brother, Noel, now a captain in the R.I.A.S.C.

We joined forces at a junction station on the way and were met by Tubby at the little wayside station from which we were to trek to our starting place. Tubby met us looking as fresh and pleasant as ever and, as usual, in the highest spirits. Noel had only recently come out and had had the old Territorial kitbag with the name of his school, PERSE, printed on it. For some reason I liked Tubby and poor Noel was addressed as "Percy" until he was heartily sick of the name. We marched across to the nearest Kandi Resthouse at which we stayed the night, and, as it was too late to start, the next evening, worked off our surplus energy by playing some strenuous and well-contested games of badminton against Tubby's talented nephew. Early next morning we walked down to the river where the two boats were waiting for us, Noel starting the day well by bringing the muggar shot at a distance of a hundred yards which were feeding in a field close to the water. The bird dropped wounded into the river and was duly retrieved by the boat. Shortly afterwards we embarked and the watch for muggar began.

A Difficult Sport

There can be few more pleasant ways of spending a shooting holiday than winter days spent on one of the Indian rivers in pursuit of game. The weather is bracing and the sun warms one greatly as one floats along the placid surface of the stream. There is a sense of pleasurable anticipation and excitement all the while, culminating in a low whistle from the keen-eyed shikari indicating that he has spotted a sleeping muggar on a sandbank in a shootable position. The boat is pulled handily and as noiselessly as possible into the bank opposite to the one on which the reptile is lying, the sportsman whose turn it is to shoot steps ashore, do his gun and game is on.

I had always thought that I could hold my own with most people when it came to shooting with the rifle, but I must confess that my early attempts to shoot muggar were a hopeless failure. When it came to my turn, the shikari and I would set off to make the long detour which would bring us opposite to the place where the muggar was lying, taking advantage of every bit of available cover and finally crawling the last bit so as not to disturb the sleeping reptile.

Looking back on things, I think that I was rather unlucky in the chances which happened to fall to my lot. All I seemed able to do was when I lay in position to shoot was to wait until the hundreds of yards away, of which I was utterly unable to tell elbow from nether end! However, I dutifully fired at what the shikari said was the muggar, only to see the startled muggar slide with lightning speed into the water, and listen to the shikari's disgusted grunt, followed a little later by a lot of ribald comments from Tubby—very amusing to the rest of the party but sometimes a little difficult to bear for the unfortunate who had scored so badly. Another "Percy" (G. C. R. and Noel, on the contrary, were proving very successful and had bagged four muggars each before I had started to score, Noel securing a fine 14 foot male male

(Continued on page 47)



LI-Col. H. B. Ellis, Master of the R.I.A.S.C. Hunt, with the hounds which formed the original pack. From L to R: The stern of Vampire (Quetta), Garuda (Bangalore), Carpenter and Torment (Lahore), Trueman (Quetta), Linkboy (Delhi), Taliboy (Lahore). At the back, Harlequin (Lahore), the only pup in the pack.

The R.I.A.S.C. Hunt

By "Eye Witness"

THE R.I.A.S.C. Hunt, Jullundur, referred to in the article "A day with the Lahore Hunt" in the Onlooker February number, is now an established fact, with Major-General G. W. Hodgson, C.B., M.B.E., Director of Supplies and Transport, as President, and Lt.-Col. H. Barrowfield Ellis, M.M., as Master and Harrowfield. A strong committee, formed with Gen. R. W. Allan, M.C., Vice-President, and A. C. M. MacLeod, Esq., C.I.E., I.C.S., and Brigadier A. E. Farwell, O.B.E., as Hon. Vice-Presidents. Colonel R. W. Allan is Field Master and Captain E. J. Ryan and V. E. Lucas whippers-in. Mr. M. Hansen, who was well known to both the Bombay and Puna Hunts a few years ago, is the Hon. Kenneth Huntman and a very successful one too. Capt. W. B. Swan is the Hon. Secretary. The Hunt can now boast of 67 hunting members, and is now a very active body between us and to its right which should thrill any lover of hunting.

No hunt can be successful without good hounds and here again the R.I.A.S.C. has been very fortunate, although so far the pack is not a very large one. A draft of 34 couple of good old hounds was kindly presented by the M. F. H. Lahore Hunt; two couple of which have hunted consistently throughout the season, the other being, unfortunately, killed by a lorry. The M. F. H., Quetta, also came to our aid with a couple of good hounds, and Bangalore and Delhi Hunts made up another couple between them. At the time of writing one hunt is on its way from Bombay Hunt and we have promises of further drafts.

Since the Opening Meet on Boxing Day 1944, hounds have met seven times, the first two occasions being on a drag line, but once this new pack got together and commenced to work so well, we set out in quest for jackal and to date we have not had a blank day, although, owing to the smallness of the pack and the density of the sugarcane, we have not yet been able to claim a kill.

A Keen Run

Our best day so far was on a Sunday in January. Hounds met at 21 mile-stone, Grand Trunk Road, and whilst drawing the first cover, the far side viewed away some 200 yards distant from a patch of sugarcane. The Master soon got all hounds on to the line, and the Jack took them at a good pace over a wooded hill into the low-lying crops on the far side, making straight for the Bein River. Running the near bank for about 200 yards, he crossed to the far side through deep water and thereby increased his lead. Whilst most of the pack were feathering on the near side, Vampire swam over the line, and the hunt was and it was not long before the whole pack went scoring behind the Master of the field found the shallow spots and, in

time, were able to catch up some 7,000 yards from the river. Here hounds were at fault on the hard ground but slowly they worked out the line towards a patch of sugarcane. Hinerer cover, hounds worked to the far side and were soon in the open again on a sloping ascent, making straight for the bend of the river. Crossing the river for the second time in the open again on a sloping ascent, but Linkboy, the old Delhi Hunt warrior, immediately recrossed and took up the line on the far bank just in front of the Master, who was about 200 yards down stream where he again crossed, only to lose it on some barren ground.

The Master then lifted hounds and was in the line during which Harlequin, the only puppy in the pack, hit off the line in the direction of the sand-dunes just short of Karpind Village. Soon all hounds were on with lots of muttering through the sand-dunes and scrub. Skirting Kot Khurd Village, they crossed the sunken road with its six feet banks, only to be at fault once more. Here the Master was misled by a villager shouting from a treetop, and cantering across to him, enquired which way the Jack had gone, only to be told that this noble son of the soil was frightened of "dogs" and would be, "the Master," please take them away.

At the same time old Linkboy feathered back across the sunken road and was soon to be seen working hard amongst the stationary field. Picking-up the line, he wended his way along the bank of the sunken road and spoke to it, and in a short while all hounds were on again, but 500 yards further on the whole countryside was a mass of sugarcane as far as the eye could see, and, being unlikely to run their quarry down, the Master lifted his 34 couple of hounds and called it a day after they had run 31 miles in 15 minutes.

Besides the host of keen young officers to be seen at a R.I.A.S.C. Hunt Meet, we have several other supporters who never miss a day, amongst whom are: Brigadier A. E. Farwell, Col. G. F. Martin, Col. E. R. M. Hall, Lt.-Col. N. M. Morris, ex-M.F.H., Bangalore, Capt. S. H. Orr, ex-M.F.H., Wauk, Major S. H. Wood, Major H. Alden, Major K. Beaumont, Mrs. Wilnot, Mr. M. Hansen, Miss P. Wilson, Miss Farwell, Rosemary Hall and Jennifer Gordon.

Shik-ing

THE Master Meeting of the Shikar Club of India was held at Gulmarg (Kashmir) from March 22 to April 6, '45. Snow conditions should be excellent and shikar every day, and a record meeting. Further information—Messrs. Pindl Sport, Rawalpindi.

Encounters With Rogue Elephants

By L. L. Fowler

The First Rogue

(Continued from March Number.)

ABOUT 11 a.m. we arrived at the pool and came on fresh tracks of the Rogue. He had drunk there very morning and was probably right now asleep somewhere in the scrub jungle within a radius of about five miles of the pool. The imprints of his feet in the soft mud were huge and the circumference of his four feet was 18 in. Double this and one arrives at his approximate height at the shoulder. We, therefore, concluded our Rogue was 9' at the shoulder. This is large for a Geylon elephant as their average height is 8' at the shoulder. We set off at once in pursuit, hoping to come upon him asleep during the heat of the day, but we had not bargained for the density of the scrub. The trail was distinct and, where he had not taken well-defined game paths with the going quite easy, we were forced to follow the clearing made by him through the scrub. My clothes were soon torn and my uncovered arms and legs marked with weals and lacerations from thorns and vines. We kept well downwind of him the whole time, deliberately losing and again picking up his tracks as it would be useless to expect him to take an upwind of his position. It is suicidal to get upwind of a man-killer like this Rogue, as an elephant's sense of smell is so keenly developed that the first indication of his presence would take the form of a completely unexpected charge. In dense scrub one's prospects of meeting such a charge successfully would be very small indeed. There is no question of running to safety through a barrier of thorns, and substantial trees were few and far between.

In The Clearing

In spite of his very clear trail, it was quite 4 p.m. before we rumpled into the little shady clearing where he had slept, standing up—during the heat of the day. Portions of scored tree bark, where he had rubbed his head, again reminded us of his enormous size. From evidence we concluded he had left the clearing on his feeding rounds about 15 to 30 minutes earlier. All conversation was in whispers while we proceeded as silently as possible, Rangami leading with his eyes glued to the ground, touching a bruised twig here and there and feeling a worm and steaming droplet with his bare foot. I following ready to cover him in the event of a charge. L. L. the Koralie and the motley crowd of followers, about 40 in all, followed us.

About 4.10 p.m. we heard the Rogue ahead of us feeding, busily tearing down the branches of a tree. He could not have been more than 70 yards away. The "followers," too, heard him was true to tradition, vanished completely. (We found them later all perched together (precaution) on a single tree which would have been the last place where an elephant could be seen so easily.)

As we were well downwind of him and he obviously had no inkling of our presence, we sat down to discuss ways and means of approach. My feelings at this time were anything but cheerful and my heart was thumping wildly. I was fully within 100 yards of him at the moment but in the uncomfortable vicinity of the Rogue. Still, I was the one at the bottom of all this and I had to decide whether to move or not, and means of approach. My feelings at this time were anything but cheerful and my heart was thumping wildly. I was fully within 100 yards of him at the moment but in the uncomfortable vicinity of the Rogue. Still, I was the one at the bottom of all this and I had to decide whether to move or not, and means of approach. My feelings at this time were anything but cheerful and my heart was thumping wildly. I was fully within 100 yards of him at the moment but in the uncomfortable vicinity of the Rogue. 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Lt-Col. Howard was the Honorary Secretary of this year's very successful Point-to-Point held by the Peshawar Vale Hunt at Larom. Lt-Col. Howard is ex-master of the Poona and Kierke Hounds.



During the Peshawar Vale Hunt season, some members of the Hunt snapped before a meet. From left to right: Michael Steele-Perkins, Majors "Johnnie" Dring and "Jimmy" Wilson, and, sitting in the foreground, Biddy Dimond, daughter of Mrs. W. R. Dimond, Master of the P.V.H., and George Milne, who was enjoying a short hunting leave from active service.



Moira de Burgh Morris, photographed with her mother at the Peshawar Vale Hunt Point-to-Point.

The Dowlatpur Boar

By Major G. P. Hall

THIS incident took place in Bihar during the last summer before the war and may be of interest to hog hunters.

It is said that the pig in Bihar fights better and runs less than their brethren in the U.P. I like to think that this is due to greater personal courage on their part but I am afraid it is merely due to the fact that the covers are smaller, which forces the hog to join issue almost immediately.

It was our last hunt, although we did not have it at the time, and owing to the heat and the distance I was the only spear to join 'H' at the meet. We had a fairish morning and slew four boar but, unfortunately, lost a firth, which had been speared and got away. We had to give up looking for him at mid-day as the beaters were mounted on buffaloes and these beasts cannot work for an indefinite period in great heat. They were necessary as the boat in this particular cover rendered intrusion and had acquired a well-earned reputation of charging on sight. It was impossible to put men into it on foot and plough buffaloes were the only answer.

We decided to lay off for a few hours and left men in trees to watch the small patch of grass, which we knew contained the wounded boar. The temperature was in the neighbourhood of 120 in the shade, if one could have found any, and it was a relief to get into the saddle again at four o'clock. We had three horses between us as I had only been able to bring one and we had the welcome addition of an elephant belonging to a Zemindar which joined us for the afternoon.

The cover was reached in half an hour and we decided to ride with our line of 40 buffaloes, keeping the elephant in the corner and our lookouts reported that nothing had either entered or left the cover and it seemed likely that our quarry was still at home. Three times the line went through that small hatch until hardly a blade of grass was left standing. Result... Absolutely nothing!

A Newcomer

We held a council of war with the shikari and it was agreed that the pigs must have died, so we put the line to again for one last beat. We were half-way through it when the 'mahout' to find out a screech and I cantered over to let an enormous boar standing motionless in a thorn bush. It was not the one we were seeking and it was nothing short of a miracle that he had escaped unseen so

(Continued on page 33)

The Peshawar Vale Hunt

By "Carbine"

THE P. V. H. have been enjoying some excellent sport during Mrs. W. R. Dimond's third and last season as Master. Major A. J. Dring, C.I.E., is again first whip (and Master-designate for next season) whilst Mr. M. Thompson, I.P., has been second whip and Capt. P. B. Snowden, third.

Fields of 10 to 35 on Sundays and of about 12 on Wednesdays, have participated in fast, exciting runs which were well up to the old standards, and we have usually 9 to 114 coupled hounds out, which means that every hound had to work pretty hard, especially when their quarry took advantage of the large patches of uncut sward which are abundant in the Vale until February. Incidentally, the bound situation was becoming rather acute, but "Trusty" and "Gaurin" have recently produced good litters, which, in time, will compensate us for lack of imports from the U.K., and for bad luck over epilepsies during the summer months.

Friends And Visitors

Fields have included many familiar faces, amongst them some distinguished visitors from the war zones. Brigadier W. R. Dimond, ex-M.E.H., Lt-Colonel "Dick" Willis, Major Frank Goodall, ex-M.E.H., Major General Gamble and Lt-Colonels Findlay and S. M. Grant were seen enjoying brief visits to their old haunts; and Mrs. C. P. Bayer's many friends were delighted to see her husband safely back from his adventures. Mrs. Bayer's Pony Club still contributes a dashing contingent of skilful young riders, including Gay, Biddy, Jennifer, Gert, "Bibi", Jackie and Cillie, though Bernard Cole is usually the only boy out. Mesdames Younie, Thorburn, Johnston, G. P. Cunningham, and Rowlandson have been showing their usual keenness, whilst the men seen revelling in the fun have included Col. F. H. Mandall (President of the Hunt), Lt-Col. S. Howard, Major G. V. Rouse, M. L. Steele-Perkins (now whipping in), P. B. Langford, G. Phillips, and G. A. Cole, and Messrs. H. J. Vickers and Khushkhat Swan.

Sporting Events

To raise funds (badly needed!) for the P.V.H., as well as for the war, we have had the usual sporting events and social activities. The P. V. H. Horse Show, ably run by Major G. V. Rouse during Christmas week, saw Lt-Col. and Mrs. G. P. Cunningham "sweeping the boards" with "Morn" and "Jane", but they were less fortunate at the Point-to-Point Races at the Larom

Mound. Here, in ideal weather and beautiful surroundings, the Master, riding "Felicity" in perfect style permanently annexed H.E. Sir George Cunningham's Challenge Cup after a thrilling duel with Mrs. G. P. Cunningham on "Morn", who led for most of the three miles, but ran out at a tricky water jump alongside a *kacha* road, leaving Mrs. Bayer to get second place after a very sporting ride on her darling "Kidnare". The P. V. H. Members race was won by Major A. J. Dring's "Mary", after "Dedham" and "Jelly Roll" had fallen, with Mrs. A. W. Johnstone's "Sula" second. The Light Weight



Gillian Johnson, Jennifer Vickers and Mr. Harold Vickers arriving at Mathra, during a meet of the Peshawar Vale Hunt.

race went to Major J. S. Wilson's "Salamanca" and the Military Race to his "Betty", with Col. Willis second on "Guzlar II".

A very cheery Hunt Ball was arranged by Col. Mandall in the Peshawar Club and resulted in some fine gallops and a useful profit.

In short, the P. V. H. manage to keep the flag flying during the war years and to provide excellent sport in the beautiful Peshawar Vale for those who are lucky enough to get the chance of hunting there. We shall miss Mrs. Dimond next season and shall remember with gratitude the excellent runs of the last three years as well as her hard, unerring work, both at Peshawar and Chertail, in supervising kennels and exercising hounds.

Luck! Shooting Tales

By G. O. Bonst

A GOODLY number of Shikaries say that the best days are the outcome of LUCK. A good many others maintain that there is no such thing. Let me tell a few cases of which I know and you can form your own opinion if you have not already done so. In 1942, a friend, — we will call him "A" — took a Shooting Black in a C. P. Forest for the month of May. For ten days he never fired a shot, and did not even get as much as a tiger or panther "kill". Then things happened. A tiger killed one of the baits. That evening A was in his machan early, and although tiger prowled around all night, it was obviously suspicious and did not come to the "kill", and the hunter returned to camp in the morning, disappointed.

Absolutely against his will, his wife insisted that he sit up for another night, and, because of his wife and having nothing better to do, he took up his watch over the "kill" for, as he thought, another fruitless night. Before he was in his perch an hour the luck changed. A hunter found the carcass and began eating, and a shot in the neck rolled it over dead on the remains of the buffalo.

Expecting nothing more, "A" ate his sandwiches and prepared to sleep it out till the morning. Within an hour of shooting the panther, and just as he was settling down for the night, he heard a rush and growl and on looking down saw a tiger holding the dead panther by the neck and shaking it. A beautiful shot, right between the eyes finished "Mr. Stripes." And the man with him then went to sleep.

Came daylight, and the man was sent to the village a mile and a half away, to bring a cat, which "A" met in a hurry to get down from the tree, lit himself a smoke and was going over the reason for the luck, which he heard another growl. A few yards away was a Shikar, which, as a result of a night's ramblings, had seen the tiger and panther in its path and was wondering what it was all about. Another shot from his perch one and the tiger fell collapsed. Three shots in one night, from the same spot and a tiger, panther and bear to show for them. Was "that luck"? "A" got nothing more for the remaining 20 days of his shoot.

Short Warning

We live in a district where tiger and panther can be shot within six miles of the house. Last February, another friend "B" bought two buffalo calves and arranged to have them tied every night, and, when one was killed, information was to be sent to him at once. The animals were tied out during all the moonlight nights without result. Then one day "B" went out for a day's shoot to a place about two miles from where his baits were being put out.

(Continued on page 48)

Bangalore Lore

By "Jane"

AN event much looked forward to by lovers of music in Bangalore was the violin recital by Philomena Thumboo Chetty who has made a name for herself in the musical world, and given recitals in London as well as the Continent. She was assisted by the Mysore Palace Orchestra, kindly lent by the Maharaja of Mysore, and among various items her rendering of the Beethoven Concerto No. 61, which calls for perfect technique and much depth of feeling, was greeted with tremendous applause by the large and appreciative audience. She also played the Bach Concerto No. 2 in masterly style, and three smaller items accompanied by Squadron Leader Dally at the piano.

The recital was in aid of R.A.F.—I.A.F. amenities, and after the show Mr. and Mrs. T. Thumboo Chetty had a buffet supper party at "Ballabrook" where their friends gathered to congratulate their daughter on her brilliant performance. Among those invited were the Resident and Mrs. Gaisford, several R.A.F. officers, including Group Captain Airey, W/Ldr. Atkinson, Formby, Beamman, and S/Ldr. Dally, Lady Christison, General Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey and Mrs. Hotoko, Sir Guthrie and Lady Russell, Dr. Albuquerque, Mrs. Tozer, Sir Albion Banerji, The Raj Kumar of Rewa, Mr. and Mrs. Oates, Mr. Pulla Reddi and Mr. Roger Pryor.

Two other delightful music parties were given by Sir Albion Banerji and Mr. and Mrs. Gillinson. The latter's was by way of being a house-warming party at their beautifully redecorated new bungalow, with cocktails and a buffet supper followed by dancing, and later on a programme of music by Basil Schapiro (the violinist) with Albert Wheway at the piano.

The hostess wore a white and silver lace dress with jewelled clasps, and her daughter-in-law, a pretty flowered frock,

and among the guests were several Americans—the Buchners, Hotokos, and Godfreys; Major Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mrs. Harcourt Chetty, Col. Aspinall, Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, Col. Barton and his daughter, Mrs. Scott.

Sir Albion Banerji's party was a very cosmopolitan gathering. The host and Mrs. Gaisford were there, Mr. Cheng Loch, a distinguished Chinese scholar with Mrs. and Misses Cheng Loch, Mrs. Hargrave (Miss Hargrave being on active service), Mrs. Loh and Mrs. Hoh who danced delightfully for the guests, Capt. Gillinson and his wife (who is an attractive Russian singer), Capt. Bert Oerell from South Africa, Mrs. Cohen, Mr. Basil Schapiro and Hank Hotoko and his popular wife Mary who sang Russian songs. The menu for the buffet supper included American, Russian and Chinese items.

Mr. and Mrs. Luchner gave a huge beer party over Sunday morning. Raj Kumar Desai's Urs, the Resident and about 30 other people were there.

Bangalore was indeed fortunate to have been favoured by visit from George Formby and his wife, Beryl, who spent three nights here and did not spare themselves in giving the troops just what is entertainment they have been asking for.

The night of their arrival coincided with the troops' dance run by Mrs. Drake at the latter's Club. Mrs. Drake, Brigadier Hill and other members of the committee, invited the Formbys to the dance, as a special surprise for the troops. On the following two evenings, George and Beryl entertained thousands of troops on the Sullivan Sports Ground, George ending up the programme with his "Lick and singing all his request numbers. He raised a roar when he told the men that he and Beryl were on their way back to Burma where the 14th Army needed them, and that he hoped their next show would be in Mandalay!

The Dowlatur Boar

(Continued from page 37.)

long. As he was disinclined to move the 'mahout' threw an axe at him but without effect. The Zemindar, wishing to do his share, then hurled his umbrella into the bush with excellent results. The boar let out a 'Woof' and promptly stampeded the elephant across country. After that we never had a dull moment and the pig turned on 'H's' orderly, who was mounted on his spare horse. It was a fat one but would have bought it badly if the boar had not given up the chase after 300 yards.

I forgot the exact sequence of events but in the next few seconds the boar charged a buffalo and knocked it absolutely flat. 'H' entered the fray and broke a curb chain, which put him out of action, and our friend turned his attention to four beaters, who had either dismounted or been thrown off their buffaloes. Luckily, they were near a tree and made it, but he had a cut at the last man's legs as he swung into the branches. I intervened next and the boar turned to meet me immediately he saw me. I thought I had him but the boar kept like a stag as he came in and cut my horse high up on the crupper. I had had no experience of jumping pig and if he had caught us amidstags we would have been down.

Ridiculous Buffaloes

By this time the place was alive with galloping buffaloes, most of them ridiculous and every tree held its quota of beaters, which was wise of them as there was no future for any one on the ground. When I had collected my horse and returned to the fray I was in time to see the boar leap on to a man's back before disappearing into thick cover where he was lost to view. I say lost and this is literally what happened as he caught the

man between the shoulder blades and must have jumped four feet or more.

I lost him after that and I've been up all hope of seeing him again when I heard shouts from a tree and galloped in the direction the men were pointing. A few minutes later, I was out of the cover altogether and saw the boar a mile away loping towards a jheel across open fields.

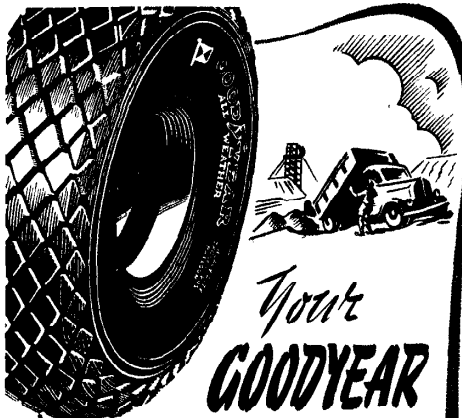
I could hardly believe my eyes and followed him but with little hope as the horse was old and very blown, having had five good runs that morning. We could never have caught him but the boar heard us coming and turned to charge back when he only had a 100 yards to go to reach the jheel and safety.

I dug my spurs in and the old horse responded smartly. We met with a terrific impact but I was ready for his jumping trick this time. The spear caught him in the shoulder and was wrenched out of my hand after penetrating some three feet into the pig. There we stood for several minutes until 'H' appeared on the scene going flat out. He had changed the curb chain and followed up in the hopes of being in time for some of the fun.

The boar was sorely wounded but still ready to take on another foe and charged with the butt of my spear sticking straight forward over his head. 'H' avoided the spear and finished him off with a single overhead thrust.

I have said he was a big pig and the scales told our own story. He taped 33½ inches and weighed a fraction under 20 stone. This was in line of the story and I leave it to you to guess what his weight would have been in the cold weather with hundreds of acres of sugar cane to feed on.

It was a pleasant afternoon and amazing that no one was badly hurt and although I may not have recaptured all the incidents, it illustrates the marvellous way in which a pig can lie doggo. I wonder how many good boars are lost without ever being seen by the line?



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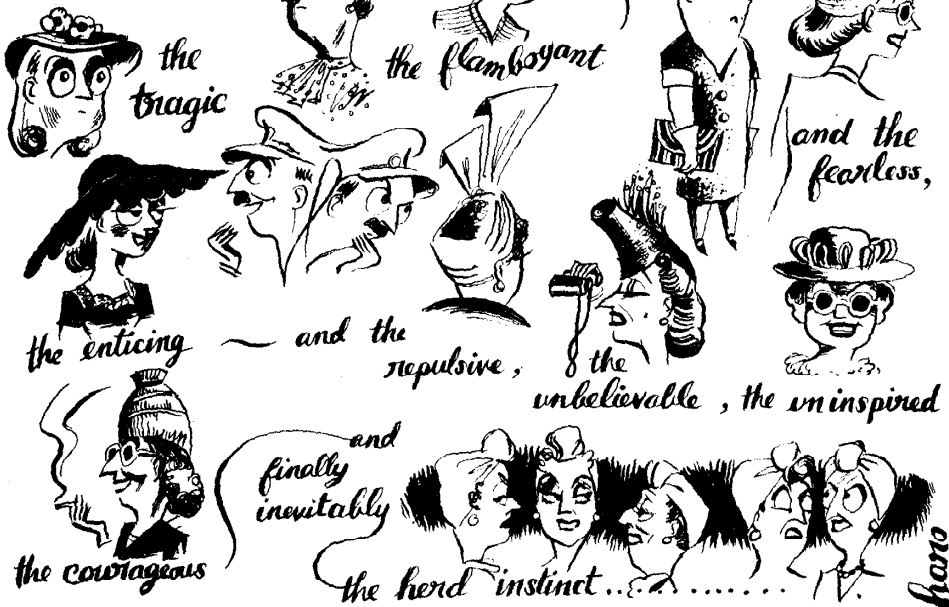
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BOMBAY RACES and hats



Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 33)

enhanced by a smart black hat and Mrs. Kunnarappa, Vice-President of the Association, wore a lovely white and gold Benares sari.

Miss Gregson's Exhibition

A very pleasant gathering attended the "verisimilitude" of Miss E. M. Gregson's water colours, landscapes and pastel portraits. The opening ceremony was performed by Sir Thomas Sinclair Kennedy who remarked on the pleasing quality of the pictures and their harmonious colouring. There were a number of sea-scenes of around Bombay which were of interest to yachtsmen, and, among the portraits, the general verdict was that those of the artist's father and Mr. T. R. Sneyd Kynnerley were outstanding.

Among those present were Mr. Justice MacKinnon, Sir Charles Bristow, Lady Kennedy, Sir Francis Low, Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd Kynnerley, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Graham from Pall Hill, Mrs. Pullar, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stevenson, Major and Mrs. Storey and many others. Ten per cent of the proceeds of the sales have been donated by Miss Gregson to St. Dunstan's.

Byculla Cup Day

The last winter meeting of the Bombay races, Byculla Cup day, which in "the good old days" before the war was the climax of the racing season, proved to be extremely popular this year.

As far as fashion was concerned, I should say that Eclipse day displayed a

greater variety of colour and style. The reason for this might be that it was cooler and that so many women wore wintry shades, tailored suits and furs which lent an unusual note to the scene.

Byculla Cup day was definitely "summers"—the breeze was gentle and warm, the banks of flowers in full bloom looking brilliant in the sunshine. White seemed to predominate; particularly all white; I saw it worn by Mrs. Claude Martin; her dress was very simple and tailored, tucked down the front. Diana Farrer had on a white sharkskin two-piece with a long tailored coat to match, but the most noticeable detail of her outfit was a charming off-the-face Dutch bonnet, also made of sharkskin. Two-piece suits were popular, a very smart one being in pale blue with a contrasting navy blouse, worn by Mrs. Sophie Rudloff, and Mrs. Huxley, just back from England, wore a dotted white maroon suit with white accessories.

Most hats seem to have developed a distinctive military trend; quite outstanding was the one worn by Mrs. George Critchley; perched on a high crown just above the small military brim was a huge bright-red cock's feather, which really "made" her ensemble of unrelieved black enlivened by two rows of pearls. Kate has left us now for England. Mrs. Philon who, with her husband has recently returned from there, wore a navy blue *cassique* with her all-navy ensemble.

Looking around the boxes during the Byculla Cup race, I noticed Lady Colville in a wide-brimmed navy hat, trimmed with white gros-grain and a printed navy and white frock. Sitting next to her was Mr. C. N. Caroe, President of the Byculla Club, and his niece, Billie

Woodcock, in a lovely turquoise crepe two-piece who was talking to Sir Oliver Leese, C-in-C, Allied Land Forces, SEAC, on a visit to Bombay. Also in the box was Mrs. Palk, in a beige and brown ensemble.

Sitting in Sir Victor Sassoon's box was attractive and vivacious Comtesse Laura de Courcelles, down in Bombay from Kodaikanal. Her numerous friends will be pleased to know that her husband, who escaped from Indo-China a few months ago, is now back with her after

a flying visit to Paris. Speaking to her was Mrs. "Bobby" Tajpashkar, in a white dress, the only note of colour being her ruby and diamond jewellery. In the next box was Princess Brinda of Kapurthala, in a pink and red dotted Swiss sari, with a thin gold border. She will be soon leaving for Simla. To my mind one of the most original series I have seen was worn by Lady Duggan; all the shades of the rainbow seem to have been gathered together and it was beautifully finished by a silver lace powder. Mrs. A. R. D. Rao, who always looks attractive, was elegant simplicity itself in a plain lemon sari worn with a dull gold blouse.

Walking around the paddock I saw Mrs. Blagden, wife of Mr. Justice Blagden, in a blue two-piece dotted white, the neck and cuffs edged with dainty white lace, and Mrs. Syntington in black, trimmed with natural coloured lace.

Comings And Goings

More than ever Bombay is full of people coming and going. Among the latest returnees were Canon T. R. H. Eliott who stayed a few days here with the Stacey Wadley's and then went on to Poona, and Mr. Armstrong Smith and "Willie". Petrie both looking very fit.

Seen at the races was Mr. N. P. A. Smith just back from leave, having a last afternoon's racing before leaving for Delhi to take up his new appointment as Director of the Intelligence Department of the Government of India.

Joyce Davies is back on a visit to Bombay after a year's hard work in Burma as a W.A.S.(B). Her fiancé is expected soon from England where they hope to get married here.



His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior (Maharaja) snapped with His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin Behar.

From the Editor's Bookshelf

They Bought Her A Pony

TO those who know me, it is no secret that I am no longer as young as I would like to be and some of my friends were greatly amused when I took out Joanna Cannon's latest—"They bought her a pony." (Collins, Rs. 6). But from the moment I started to read until I finished I was entranced. This author improves with every book she writes—at least that is how I feel.

I have yet to find a better study of a horse-loving family of children or a more terrible picture of a child spoilt by spoiled parents than she presents. I lived with the Cochrane family through every line—the happy friendliness among six of them, their love for their ponies—(none of them could remember the day when they didn't have ponies)—the struggles they had to add to their "string" in order that they should not have so many arguments as to whose turn it was to ride and, above all, the extraordinary contrast between the Cochrane family and Angela Peabody's family, which believed that the world really revolved around money.

And there is such sound commonsense wrapped up in every sentence that I

believe that every youngster of eight and upwards would benefit from reading it. You are taught without realising it all about the proper care of your pony, of your harness, about sportsmanship in the ring and out of it, and, perhaps most important of all, the importance of being human. I wish I could be young again!

Spies And Glamour

There is really very little to say about Peter Cheney's latest novel—anyhow very little good. "The Dark Street" (Collins, Rs. 7s. 6d.) deals again with counter-espionage and Quayle and his organisation of supermen. We have the same "intriguing, fascinating" women, the same successful killing of enemy agents and so on ad infinitum. But it misses that atmosphere of vitality and action which Peter Cheney's earlier books used to convey. I feel that Mr. Cheney is tired or has run dry, or is it that somehow we have got tired and blase ourselves and wish to have our appetites whetted with something more stimulating?

"Censor"

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For Philatelists

By Claude Scott

Royal Commemoratives

A SURPRISE issue commemorated the 25th birthday of King Farouk of Egypt in February. A handsome, upright stamp in rich purple, it shows a recent portrait of the King in uniform and has the inscription, "1920-1945," in both English and Arabic figures. Face value is 10 millimes.

As with all modern Egyptian commemoratives, the price is very rapidly. Letters from Cairo say that the stamp was selling at 21 times face a few days after release.

These other royal commemoratives have been issued by Australia. They are in honour of the arrival of the Commonwealth's first Royal Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, and show a medalion portrait of His Royal Highness and the Duchess, linked by leaves of the British oak and Australian gum trees.

In the widely-used war-time denominations of 2½d, 3½d and 5½d, the stamps are coloured red, blue and blue-black respectively. Their currency is said to be limited to approximately three months from the day of issue, February 19.

India Group

Cochin refuses to be left out of India Group new issue lists and provides two more items for the record. One is a three-pies surcharge on the four-pies green stamp of the "new Raj" design, differing from the stamp of the same type mentioned here earlier by being on gummed instead of ungummed paper.

The other is a nine-pies blue label, bearing a portrait of His Highness the present Maharaja. This is presumably the first of a complete series in this design.

Bahawalpur, whose initial set of striking pictorials created such a good

impression, seems to be in danger of losing philatelic favour. Although this series issued only for the reason of a surcharged provisional has already appeared—*ja*, on 8s.—and I am told that there has also been a change of colour in the one-ona. If the first issue was of only 95,000 complete sets, there is some justification for the provisional; for so few low values would have been issued, and the reason for such a change in colour is much more difficult to understand.

With the British advance in Burma, stamps for the liberated areas can be expected before long. Reports that such an issue will consist of provisional overprints are probably correct, but I should not be surprised if the overprints are on George VI Burmese stamps and not on Indian issues.

Warsaw Commemorative

The unhappy divisions among the Poles are emphasised by the latest—and, no doubt, the last—issue of the London Polish Government. This was issued in 1944, and consists of 100,000 2-oz. stamps, from the sale of each of which 2 lozys were to go to a relief fund for survivors of the Warsaw rising in 1944. The design shows two men and a girl fighting at one of the city barricades.

Meanwhile, German inflation issues of 20 years ago are recalled by similar stamps from the Reich. These values run into millions of drachmas, and a postcard from Athens to England cost 6,000,000 drachmas.

In Abyssinia the centenary of the birth of the Emperor Menelik II is being marked by five commemoratives. It is said that they are being entirely produced locally and the designs include a justice and mausoleum of the Emperor as well as his portraits.

The Voice of Delhi

(Continued from page 32)

of Brigadier Travers Smith, Mrs. Bateman whose husband is Major-General Bateman, Mrs. Allen, the well-known tennis player, Mrs. Douglas Gracey, the wife of Major-General Gracey who commands a well-known Indian Division which is doing magnificent work somewhere around the Burma front, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Gordon Young and Mrs. Beard; these are only a few of a crowd of women who are working incredibly hard at an incredibly hard job.

Allied Services Art Exhibition

The Committee were wise in choosing such a lovely person as Mrs. Francis Humphreys to open their Art Exhibition. This Exhibition was held under the distinguished patronage of Cpl. Viceroy and the Viscountess Wavell, Sir Claude Auchinleck and Lt.-General Daniel Sultan, Commanding General United States of America's Forces. Every exhibitor was a serviceman and the collection displayed were, in most cases, excellent.

W. B. Henderson ran away with all the honours; his work is outstanding, his sense of proportion and perfect harmony in colour effects mark him an artist of great penetration. His portrait of W. A. C. Dobson was to my mind one of the best exhibits in the show. Cpl. Humphreys' exhibit 'Hindu Gate' deserves special mention; it was an exquisite piece of work. Capt. Derek Fowler, Major J. C. Thorn, Lt. Charles Freuburn, Capt. S. Goodall, Sapper Taylor, W. A. C. Dobson and Harry Sheldon, the well-known official war artist, were among those who were awarded prizes. Altogether it was a vast improvement on last year's show and great credit is due to Col. Gordon, Col. Dobson, Capt. the Earl of Euston, Lt. Summerfield and Capt. Henderson who organised and produced this successful exhibition.

One-To-Point

What a day! What finishes! True to form, what tosses some of our head-headed and hard-hatted equestrian friends took! We three who had with us Brigadier Currie romped home, having rode a magnificent race on Boston. The Ladies' Race was full of excitement and most interesting, the betting was terrific. Mrs. R. E. Harding rode an excellent race on Renala but Mrs. R. F. Cockrell, who set the pace from the word 'Go', won by a head on Lightning. Mrs. J. R. L. Tweed was third on Brown Monk. The M. F. H., Col. Codrington, gave a most amusing and chatty commentary over the microphone during the races, which added to the fun. It was a grand show and reminiscent of the old days when everyone produced a card from somewhere to ride in the Delhi Hunt Club. Their Excellencies honoured the Delhi Hunt Club by their presence.

Parties And Dances

A delightful dance was given by Mr. George W. B. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson at the Bitterell and Bahawalpur House, the headquarters of the Australian Diplomatic Corps in India. The band was excellent, the ballroom packed and the supper, well, it's a long time since I have tasted such marvellous food. This dance had all the properties required to change non-benders into benders and benders into non-benders. Their Excellencies honoured the Delhi Hunt Club by their presence.

Lt.-Cmdr. Johnnie Dink and S/Lt. Kanwar Raha Singh, who are both in the R.I.N.V.R., were the joint hosts at an amusing cocktail party recently. The Senior Service Medal in existence was worn by a British officer when the Senior Service are around, you usually find lovely women. The glamorous Audrey Bourke, Mrs. Bryan Bateman, lovely Miss Gordon, Col. fur, Mavis Jenks, just out from England looking simply beautiful; I just couldn't stop staring at her, and Ben Taplin tall and dashing, with her glorious red hair.

Bridge Corner

Time Factor In Defence

By "Horatius"

THERR seems to be a tendency among bridge players to use what is called the non-destructive lead in preference to all others. This lead, which is made to 'open the ball' without weakening the leader's hand, should not be considered as a primary lead, but as a last resource, for the best sort of defence lies in attack. It should be the aim of the defender to maintain the advantage of timing which is accorded them by the rules of the game—that of having the first lead. Usually, the declarer can make opportunities for discarding losers on established winners and, since the balance of power is with him, the most effective weapon to employ is that of speed.

If you can establish tricks before the declarer can get going, you will deprive him of the opportunity of throwing his losers. The following deal discloses a situation which often arises but of which full advantage is not usually taken. Sam had the contract at Four Spades against which Jill opened the King of Clubs.

S 6 3
H 10 6
D A K 10 5
C A N 10 8 2

S A 10 7
H A K J 3 2
D K 5 3
C Q

DUMMY
S 8 5 4
H A 9 8 7 4
D 10 7 2
C C 7 5 6

SAM
S Q 9 4 2
H 5 3
D J 8 2 4
C 9 4 3

When Jill saw dummy's singleton, she was in two minds as to how to continue the defence. The lead of another Club would force dummy, but would not be so good if Sam held the knave of Clubs. A trump lead would be safe, but would mean abandoning the attack. Can you see the best lead in the hand? It is the Q of Diamonds. This removes dummy's King and establishes a two trick tenace in Jill's hand, if and when, Jack secures the lead.

(Continued at foot of col. 3)



Metal on its mettle

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Jodhpur Jottings

By "Jodhpurin"

HOW sorry we all are to lose Dr. Tarleton, Medical Superintendent of the Unaid Hospital for women and children, after 24 years! The Unaid has 180 beds and all the most modern equipment, but when Lucy Gainford, as she then was, first came, there was only the old-fashioned Jawant Singh Hospital in the city. Lucy put women's health on the map of Marwar and its women have much cause to be grateful to her; so have all. Good luck to her in South Africa, where she intends to settle with her daughter, Heather, at the Cape.

Another gap in our circle is made by the departure of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Mahon. Bryan was Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and came here as Guardian to His Highness' eldest son. When the Maharaja Kumar came of age he was named as Adviser. We shall miss him and Molly, especially on the golf course. Molly's last appearance was in kilt representing Scotland at Lady Field's evening garden party in aid of the Red Cross. And what a party it was! Tables set out round the sunk garden; chefs officiating at a huge grill in the background; cabaret turns; lanterns twinkling in the trees and the State Band playing; all our youth and beauty dressed up as Allied Nations to wait on the tables and collect tips to swell the proceeds. There was a very good Indian variety show and a most profitable bar, whose stock was donated entirely by Mr. Mohan Lal Sanghi. No wonder the proceeds of the evening amounted to the satisfying sum of Rs. 13,100.

"Rope"

Mostly everything this month was in aid of the Red Cross. The R.A.F. at Salawas put on an entertaining variety show and the Palace Players presented "Rope" for three nights at Chital Palace Theatre lent by His Highness. Denis Steer and Jim Chetwyn gave outstanding good performances in the two major roles of Brandon and Gadell; Russell May admirably played the drunken Gonville; Edward Duggan and Thomas Mehan, (posted next day, alas! Not as a result), successfully took the parts of Sabot and Sir Johnstone Bentley and John Clark just was Kenneth Raglan to the life, (though he prefers to play more horrible parts!) Puss Ferguson earned well-deserved applause on her first appearance on the boards. She was just right as Leila and we all hope to see her in many other roles. Epic Byrne is to be heartily congratulated and was, on producing such a successful show.

If dummy's King is not played, then the two tricks are there at once and Jack can ruff a third lead. It is quite obvious with all the hands laid out but a good defensive player would make that play as being the most likely method of destroying the contract.

There is an obvious danger of Sam getting losing discards on the Heart suit unless tricks are established quickly in Diamonds.

"Onlooker" Problem

Sam has the bid at Four Spades against which the two of Hearts is opened. How does he make his bid?

S A 8 7
H 6 4 3
D 10 7 2
C J 10 4

DUMMY
S K 6 5 4
H 10 9 8
D 9 5 3
C 10 8 2

S 8 2
H A K J 7 5
D 10 6 4 3
C K Q 7 5

SAM
S 10 10 9 3
H 10 2
D 10 8 5
C A K 3

(Solution on page 49)

Another successful *polio*-catching device was a pagal gymkhana on the Camp sports ground, run by Reginald Bhatt, and there was a success at the Institute with quite a lot of ladies for partners; among them Joanna Duncan, looking very beautiful with an original hair-do, her old friend David Benge and Seymour Saul, of the U.A.F., were there, on leave from Karachi.

At that party Lady Field drew the winning tickets for the clock and watches presented by 'The Highnesses and the Princess Susan'. The raffle brought in Rs.4,000. His Highness gave a donation of Rs. 25,000, a generous gift which brings the amount collected so far up to approximately Rs. 10,000. At the moment, but the collecting boxes have not yet been opened and Lady Field says she has not started *bravely* collecting yet, so the final figure is likely to be considerably higher.

Coming and Goings

Brigadier Filose was here on a tour of inspection and Mrs. Filose accompanied him. Col. Fredrick Watson and Col. H. W. Hamlyn also paid a visit.

Lt.-Col. Mannering was here for a few days on his way back from leave in England, and he left his wife and boy at Ashford, where his parents live. Joan Roberts went down to Bombay to say good-bye to her mother, Mrs. Price, shortly going to U.K. and taking the Riggs' boy, Hugh, with her. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dupond spent a few days here and when they returned to Delhi, took Rao Rajah Narpat Singh's Baji with them, to stay with Admiral and Mrs. Godfrey. The Admiral and his wife, with Capt. P. J. Brightman, R.N. and Tiger, (Nahar Singh), were here earlier when Mrs. Godfrey came to tell our local ladies about the activities of the W.V.S., for which she does so much herself.

The Duncans had Basil Dean, Director of ENSA, staying with them and took him to see a rehearsal of "Rope"; bit of a hussian's holiday perhaps, though stimulating for the performer.

On leave from W.A.C.(I) in Delhi, staying with the Rawlins was chairman Nan Purkess, S/Gndr. A.T.S., recently out from England. We all wished she could have stayed a bit longer.

His Highness was at the Robert's house for Keith Rhodes' party to celebrate—er motto his recall from the R.A.F. to civil life. Hoare Miller's game is our loss; only the fishes in Kailasa Lake will be glad. His R.E. brother was at the party and two new comers, T.H. MacRae and F.L. Blanks, who is straight from the Arctic Circle he says, but he means N.B. Another Val-jerry was F.L. Edgar, who goes home shortly. How shall there be a bride four true, without him or Mr. Jyer? The Jyers were only here a short time, but long enough to endorse themselves to all who knew them. We hope Nasik will appreciate them as much as we did but we hope that perhaps some day the Imperial Bank will re-post them here.

A welcome arrival is the Rev. J. M. Gossip as Church of Scotland missionary here. Like his predecessor, James Clemmie, he was educated in Aberdeen and has spent several years in Jaipurana. For the last few years he has been in Army Chaplain and comes to us from the Eastern Front, where he was invalided out of the Army.

Stop Press news in Rosamond Munro's engagement to Phillip Mortimer, I.A.C. Congratulations, Little Prairie Flower! You'll never be able to sing that again!

And more congratulations to Narendra Sanghi on his engagement to the granddaughter of Sir Ganga Ram at Lahore, just announced.

Poona Palaver

By O. P. GONAH

SUCH a lot of changes are taking place among the residents of Poona, and there have been a number of farewell parties. Two of the oldest members of the Poona Club were "dined out" by the Committee. Sir Claude Inglis, for many years the President of the Club, and Lt.-Col. Clarke, the Secretary, have put in much thought and care into the multifarious activities which this Club has been organising, and they will be greatly missed. Of the various speeches at the dinner Bill Ashley's was, perhaps, the high-light of the evening.

Another night Col. and Mrs. Clarke were themselves hosts to a large party which included Col. Allen (whose wife is hoping to return to India shortly), Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Bill Ashley, Col. and Mrs. Bill Adams, Mrs. Wootton, in black trimmed with diamante, and her husband, Freda Carter in a black skirt and cool white blouse, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, she wearing a blue and white printed linen dress.

More Farewells

Bob Harrison-White, who for many years has been a tower of strength in assisting in the organisation of the Gymkhana Races, which produce a vast sum of money for charity, was the next to throw a farewell party, as he

has been posted elsewhere. Among the guests were Mrs. Stephens who is one of the workers in the leave camp; Lesley Woolridge in green, the capable Quartermaster in one of the Indian Hospitals; Jane Adams, looking as decorative as ever in a gay scarlet bolero and cummerbund worn with a black skirt; Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Watts, Major Cole, the ex M.F.H., Colonel and Mrs. Gonell, with their sister-in-law wearing a dark dinner frock trimmed with bands of sequins; and Margaret Stoker.

Yet another farewell party, this time combined with a house-warming, was given by Lt.-Col. Porcos, at which some very striking frocks were to be seen. Miss Rued, the perfect hostess of the Lady Colville Club, looked "a million dollars" in a becoming oyster chiton frock with clever colour effect of scarlet and green. Another wearer of scarlet was Lesley Woolridge, whose son and daughter are often to be seen at the swimming pool; Miss Evans in black and white; Michi of E.N.S.A. wore black with gold trimming on her long, daphniana sleeves. The mere

males of the party included Capt. Finnigan who is relieving Bob Harrison-White, Lt. Hutchison, tall and handsome, who made a good Master of Ceremonies, Major Willard, Capt. Davidson and many others.

But perhaps the greatest blow of all, talking of departures, was when Major-General Gardiner was suddenly whisked away on promotion to an important appointment in a more active sphere. It must be rare to find a senior officer who has so rapidly endeared himself to such a large circle in all walks of life, but this is scarcely to be wondered at as he was so essentially unselfish a character. His cheery smile was to be seen wherever there was any form of entertainment for troops going on, as he had their welfare so much at heart. Major-General Gardiner had only just accepted the Presidency of the Maharashtra Hockey Association, hockey being only one of the six games in which he excelled. His polo handicap is eight, he holds the Dutch Open Amateur Golf title; in cricket and football he has represented the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; he was a finalist in the British Army Lawn Tennis Championships, and has played hockey for both the Army and Ireland.

Another popular Commander, Brigadier "Josh" Nunn left a blank behind him among his very many friends when he moved off to take up another command elsewhere. His wife, who for years has been a most energetic war worker, never sparing herself when there was work to be done, has left for England with their youngest son, Dick. A hearty welcome is extended to the new Brigade Commander, Brigadier Forbes who has brought his wife and two children with him. He is no stranger to Poona having been stationed here in the piping days of peace.

Arrivals

Other arrivals include Colonel and Mrs. Strong of the Mahatma Light Infantry, Colonel Park, R.A.M.C., who has come out from home to command one of the hospitals, was also here before and is a well-known athlete, amongst other things having played cricket for the Army; Mr. Corin has come from Sholapur as Collector while Mr. Hurland is on leave and has brought his attractive and artistic wife with him.

Still more arrivals, although of somewhat lesser stature, are the infant daughters born to Major and Mrs. French, and to Mrs. Tyte.



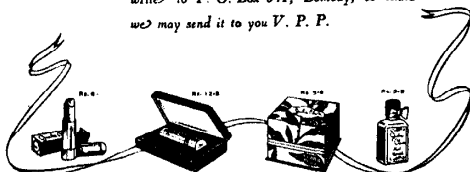
Lt.-Col. J. T. W. Dunbar, the popular Secretary of the Club of Western India, Poona, who has gone home on six months' well-earned leave.

The Governor and Lady Colville and their daughter spent a week-end at Ganeshkhind, and were able to visit Rest Haven Canteen, which, since the departure of Mrs. Caffin, has been managed by Mrs. Lumley; the Forces Club which is in the able hands of Mr. and Mrs. Summerhayes and the Lady Lumley Canteen where they were shown round by Mrs. Stephens. Important visitors during the month included Major-General Alban, Regional Commissioner, Red Cross, who on retirement from the army has taken up this post. Two noted British ophthalmologists, both Brigadiers, were here for a short time—Sir Stewart Duke-Elder is Surgeon-Oculist to the King and Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Army; the Hon. Geoffrey Bridgeman is the surgeon at the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, and both, of course, work at St. George's Hospital, London. They came here on their way to the Burma front; Mrs. Darling of the U.K.W.V.S. paid a visit to Poona looking at the W.V.S. organisation here. She was able to go round many dozens of the welfare activities run by W.V.S. and I expect they were able to profit by her vast experience. The Poona Branch of the W.V.S. has been lucky in having such a charming, and capable leader in the person of Mrs. Betts, who, although only here a short time, has grasped the many threads in a skilful manner. Her recent ventures are Canteen Hostesses and flowers for hospitals, the idea being that all and sundry should be asked to send flowers as often as possible to brighten the wards of the various hospitals.



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Priority 1945

(Continued from page 21)

*Calmdaway
A month later.*

Dear Joe,

You will grasp from the enclosed that it has now been decided that families will not accompany officers who proceed on leave under the priority scheme. I'm afraid I cannot offer hospitality to Jennina and the children because, as you know, my house is already overcrowded.

Let me know early what you propose to do, as you will probably have to sail some time this month should you decide to go alone.

Government most certainly will not give you a free passage.

Yours,

Bill.

*Switpair
Next day.*

Dear Bill,

Curses for your letter dated yesterday. You blithering idiot, don't you realise that in obedience to your letter of last month we packed up, swept, garnished and left the house and are now being pestered by Jackie, who very kindly took us in for a "few" days. I fear we've taken him in (Joke! Laugh, you sundried hypocrite!) I've sold the car and the cook—both irreplacable—to pay our fares, from which I imagine Government will reap a vast profit.

How the hell can I abandon Jennina and the brats out here? You smugly say: "It has now been decided families will not, etc." Who's the juggins who decided? Anyway you can tell the Satanic Government that I won't maroon my family and won't go on leave.

We're now unpacking.

Yours,

Joe.

*Switpair,
Two months later.*

Dear Bill,

By dint of using my vast influence with the shipping companies, I have

secured commercial passages for the lot of us. I presume Government, having already done so once, will grant me leave. We expect to be off in about 10 days' time, so get a move on and set the wires humming to get my successor on tap to take over at a moment's notice. Packing going on merrily once more.

Yours,

Joe.

*Calmdaway
A week later.*

Dear Joe,

You will see from the enclosed telegram that we have no objection to Jennina and the children availing themselves of the passages which you have procured (I fear by immoral means), they will, in no circumstances, permit you to do so. You are to wait for a priority passage which I hope to obtain for you within the next three months.

Yours,

Bill.

*Switpair
Next day.*

Dear Bill,

What a little ray of sunshine you are. How can Jennina in her bath chair compare with two young varmintes aged eight and ten on a wartime voyage? Unpacking again.

Yours,

Joe.

P.S. Years ago some college at Oxford was, I believe, noddle enough to award you a classical scholarship. Please tell a semi-illiterate policeman what "Priority" means.

*Calmdaway
Three weeks later.*

Dear Joe,

Here is good news for you. I learn confidentially that it will shortly be decided to allow husbands and wives to proceed together to the U.K. under the priority passage scheme on condition that the wife is prepared to remain indefinitely in that country.

I, therefore, advise you to start packing up and be ready to embark at 24 hours' notice.

Oh Why Left I My Home?

(Continued from page 21)

doing P.T., admire their figures neat and trim, and many a ship's C.P. The Purser's got a lovely job—he's got terrific scope; he's every lady's pride and joy—he gives them lots of "ropes."

Although some things that I may say, about the ship are rude, the grub we get at every meal, is really first class, good. When with three courses, sometimes four, we've stuffed our tummies fully, we're most surprised to learn that they are all composed of B.U.L.V. But when Bombay comes into sight, I'm sure I'll really wonder, why 'er I left the Taj and Greens, on the dear Apollo Bunder. In pre-war days, the finest view—was Bombay from the stern; I never dreamt, till on this ship, for India's shores I'd yearn. But n'er again will I set sail, from India's coral strand, unless I travel P & O., when peace reigns in the land.

After-Thought

I wonder though, how many, who have travelled in this ship, and who have carried at everything connected with the trip, will, after several years in INI, view sadly their portmanteau, and wish they were returning home, upon the old ~~ship~~.

notice. I have warned Buggins (with I.L.E.'s approval) to take over from you by telegram, if necessary. Hope you enjoy your leave.

If you should be able to bring me back a dozen golf balls, I'd be much obliged.

Yours,

Bill.

P.S. I forgot to mention that in no circumstances will children be allowed to travel.

*Switpair
Next day.*

Dear Bill,

Very many thanks for your most cheering letter dated yesterday.

There is an orphanage for destitute children here. It has about two vacancies in a job. However, as you say, influence counts.

By promising to embrace the Hindu religion I have secured "Priority" vacancies in the orphanage for Jim and Susan. If, however, the Institution apes Government in its interpretation of the word "Priority," I fear Jim and Susan will have reached maturity before they are admitted, and then they would be ineligible.

The position is impossible. I've sent my beaver for my pistol.

Do what you can for Jennina and the brats.

Yours,

Joe.

Lady Into Chef

(Continued from page 31)

shall be, put on an overall, tell the cook he may have a few hours off and start right in. Do a little cooking regularly until you are quite sure of making successfully all the items on your list. (Make your list grow so that you never quite catch it up!)

Veal And Ham Pie

It adds to the joy of cooking if you make a speciality of a few dishes which you know will be winners with the family and guests. Veal and ham pie, for instance, is always popular with our strong and silent ones and their friends, and is, moreover, splendidly suited to the cold English climate. Here is my favourite recipe for it—enough for about four hungry people.

Ingredients.

- 1 lb. lean veal.
- 2 hard-boiled eggs.
- 1 gill stock.
- salt and pepper.
- 1 lb. cooked ham.
- 1 lb. really tender, dry 'er I left the Taj and Greens, on the dear Apollo Bunder.
- 1 teaspoonful mixed dried parsley.
- rough puff paste.

Method.

Cut the veal and ham into neat pieces. Arrange a layer of veal in the bottom of a dish (preferably Pyrex), then a layer of ham, then a layer of sliced hard-boiled egg. Season each layer delicately with salt, pepper, dried herbs and parsley. Continue thus till the dish is full. Pour in a gill of stock. Cover with rough puff paste. Brush over with egg and bake in a moderate oven for about 1½ hours. Serve hot. (It is also very good cold.)

Utensils are almost worth their weight in gold at home, so take all you have with you. Have handles fixed on to your spoons, inexpensively in the bazaar. If you are the lucky owner of a stove; Primus, Perfection or any other good make, pack it carefully and take it along too. Stoves are invaluable on so many occasions.

Pilau

Ask your *khanamah* to teach you to make a pilau before you leave, to remind you sometimes of the many times you have eaten a delicious one for lunch in India. My *khanamah* has just taught me to make that confection beloved of all children—toffee basket. I won't write the instructions because your cook can so easily show you. It is just sugar and water, fruit and cream with a little magic thrown in; and I am already looking forward to making it for my Cornwall nephews and nieces when the sugar ration is increased.

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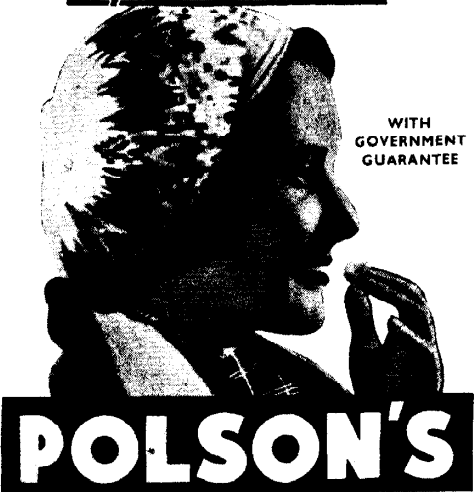
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"KARACHI'S" delightfully changed, don't you think?" asked one of my oldest friends. She wouldn't believe me when I replied that fundamentally it has hardly altered at all.

Returning after nearly five years of moving from place to place, from one abode to another, and a never-ending string of new faces, it was like coming home to see so many familiar faces, and well-known names painted upon so many gateposts. There are a good many more gateposts than there used to be, and American, R.A.F., and B.O.A.C. flags and notices adorn the Leslie Wilson Muslim Hostel, The Ladies Club, The Museum, The Killarney Hotel, and others. New buildings have shot up, old ones have been cut in quarters, modernised, or altered, but the heart of Karachi is there, just the same.

The Coghlans still live in Sunnyside Road, with their family of Juliet, Stephen, and now little Christopher, aged one and a bit; while next door Mrs. Pettigrew, who is one of the world's workers (most of Karachi's women are hard at work) has also increased her family. Mrs. John Grant, looking younger than ever, is on the eve of sailing with Felicity, who has shot up, and who promises to be as pretty as her mother. Alison Walker is another elegant ten-year old, far

After Five Years!

By "The Sind Scribe"

removed from the child of five years ago. Mrs. Hare, Mrs. Pike and Mrs. Blackwell with their broods have all sailed for home; the Bevis Grahams now live in the Sind Club, their drawing-room arranged, as usual, in excellent taste. Dr. and Mrs. Wrench, who came for a return visit of a few weeks, have been firmly ensconced for several years. Mrs. Wrench throws herself heart and soul into organising canteens and other amenities for troops, not only in Karachi, but in other inaccessible spots, some of which can be reached only by air.

The Hornums are as cheery as ever, she a Petty-officer in the W.A.C.(f) Naval Wing. "Fergy" has enriched Karachi with a charming wife since "our day", so has Johnnie Johnson. The Hornys are going strong, likewise the Alan Taylors who, with their dainty little daughter, Sally, are always to be relied upon to have cheerful, smiling faces. The Burma-Shell Ramays are back, accompanied by three delightful sons. The Bill Priestleys, she with a smart hair-do, are here, although Mrs. Priestley hopes to take Timothy and Philida to school in England

soon. The Tombazis, like Bill Jones, remain faithful to their Mary Road house. One room is devoted to the most wonderful model railway one could imagine. In the garden, the Wendy House, the joy of Alec and Yvonne, is complete in every detail from electricity and ovens to a miniature brass flap with "Letters" on it. The Ronnie Geildards also live in Mary Road and the Van Dusens, who used to live there, have just returned to Karachi. A newcomer to Mary Road is little Miss Mahon, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Harry-John Mahon. Col. Mahon has seven sons, so imagine the delight of possessing a daughter.

Mr. Justice O'Sullivan hasn't changed a scrap, nor have Messrs. Kenneth Hare, Bill Hossack, Bobby Martin, and Thomas Waddell, the latter also beginning to think of making tracks for home to join his wife and Audrey. Norman, their son, is Burma-wards.

The Le Mesuriers are here, although they hope to take their baby son to England soon; the David Halliards, also I.C.S., live in Kutcherry Road. Mr. George Fairclough soldiers to such



Major and Mrs. Derrick Butterworth on holiday in Kashmir.

effect that he is now, on occasion, covered in gold, with red tabs, while Mr. "Tiny" Herman is a shining light in the harbour patrol.

I could go on *ad infinitum* in the same strain. Of the "old regulars" among familiar faces missing were those of the Days. Even that has been partly remedied, for Mr. Day, now a Commander, reappeared during our stay, after five years' absence, ready to turn civilian again. No, Karachi hasn't changed. It is as nice as ever!



CASTING-OFF the mooring rope used to mean the complete separation of ship and crew from the world, and in emergency probably a message in a bottle was the only link with a wrecked or lost ship. But modern seafarers rarely have to experience such utter isolation. Radio is now the link between ship and shore, and development and research have gone steadily forward. Such a stage of efficiency has been reached that even before the war it was possible for a perfectly normal radio-telephone conversation to take place between a voyager on an ocean liner and a subscriber in his home or office in Europe or America. This is only one of the great achievements of worldwide communication in which Standard Telephones and Cables, Limited, has played a pioneering part. Even greater developments in ship-to-shore telephony can be expected when war is won.

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In Lucknow Now

By M.F.W.

LOOKING back on the past winter one is struck by the strides made in women's war work in Lucknow. I have been privileged to see the Quarterly Report of the W.V.S., now under the Presidentship of Mrs. Marsh-Smith, and it makes impressive reading.

In the hospitals, Occupational Therapy has been taken up with great keenness, the workers including Mrs. Hill, Lady Sloan, Miss Kiege, Mrs. Siedler, Mrs. Gupta, Mrs. Gaw, Mrs. Rae and Mrs. Sumner. The hospital libraries are also well run and well stocked; in the B.M.H. by Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Steele, Miss Carna, Miss Farrell, Mrs. Bishop, and Mrs. McGregor; in the Indian hospitals by Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Griffiths, Miss Liddell and Mrs. Bowden.

In the hospital kitchens, most valuable work is being done by Begum Gulam Husain, and the Yawarati of Kasmundi, helped by Miss Peters and Miss Alexander.

Mrs. Jackman is working as Personal Assistant to the Matron at the B.M.H., and Mrs. and Miss Griffiths have helped the B.O.Rs. with their shopping.

Amicities are distributed in the Indian hospitals by Mrs. Kinns, Mrs. Roultson, Miss Cox, Mrs. Lewy-Lloyd, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Aldred, Mrs. Gupta, Mrs. Man Singh, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Farrell, and Mrs. Carras. Begum Azizah Rasul and Begum Habibullah attend the Indian hospitals to help the men with their letter-writing.

Miss Wall does full-time work in the Blood Bank, and Mrs. Van Becum has worked regularly in the operating theatre of an Indian hospital.

Lady Haller's Ladies' War Work parties have been meeting as regularly as ever at Government House, and turning out plenty of valuable Red Cross material.

The Railway Station Canteen keeps up its well-earned reputation as one of the best in India, under the management of Mrs. Hanson, with Mrs. Rhodes as its energetic and capable Secretary. Mrs. Lowther and Mrs. Lamb have recently joined its Committee.

The Troops' Rest Room, in the main shopping street, has got over its birth pangs and is filling a long-felt want. Mrs. Pamplin and Mrs. Langhorn are

taking over from Mrs. Walsh and Mrs. Fenton.

The Scrap Depot, under the direction of Mrs. Burrell, has made an astonishing amount of money, to be divided among various war needs, by Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. McCann.

A new venture in Occupational Therapy for men of the M.T.C. and R., who are in a low medical category. Mrs. Sherrard has been running the carpentry section, and Mrs. Charles does the distributing and checking of stock. Workers include Mrs. and Miss Griffiths, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Juils, and Mrs. Vowles. Leave arrangement for troops (no cash job, with Lucknow full to bursting point), are done most ably and sympathetically by Mrs. Bullock.

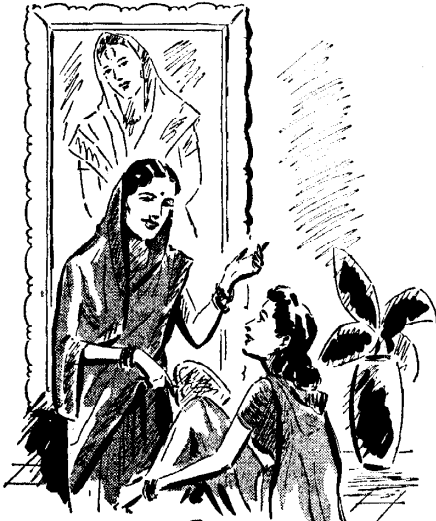
Apart from all this, there is a constant effort being made over entertainments for troops on leave, and convalescents. Mrs. Burrell's tea-parties at the Mohamed Bagh, and the tea-parties given by the U.S. Club, and run by Mrs. Webster, are very popular, and, of course, there have been many dances, including fortnightly ones at the Soldiers' Club, at which the W.V.S. provides performers!

Mounted Gymkhana

In these highly mechanized days it is good to see that a number of people still (Continued on page 46)



Sir Hugh Inglis and Mrs. Walsh were judges at a recent Mounted Gymkhana held in Lucknow in aid of the Blue Cross and Troops Amicities. Sir Hugh is Inspector-General of Police in Lucknow and is shortly to retire from U. P.



KEEPING Beauty IN THE FAMILY

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In Lucknow Now

(Continued from page 45)

own and ride horses. The Mounted Gymkhana, organised by Lady Inglis, drew a record number of entries and spectators this year. Captain Colquhoun-Richardson stage-managed the whole thing with his customary efficiency, and the day went without a hitch, resulting in a good sum of money to be divided between the Troops' Ammunition Fund, and the S.P.C.A. The Gymkhana took

place in the Reserve Police Lines, by permission of Mr. G. A. Swift, whose wife gave away the prizes at the end of the day. The judges included Sir Hugh Inglis, Colonel Jackman, Mr. D. Peel Yates (over from Cawnpore for the occasion), and Mrs. Walsh. Mr. "Bill" Whitehouse was Marshal, and Mr. Cooper was also an official.

The Handy Hunter Race drew a big number of entries, and was ridden over an interesting course. Kunwar Prakram Deo won the event with a very fast round, with Khan Iqbal Ali Khan second, and Major Varma third. Mrs. Jackman ("Vicky") did a very neat, stylish round

on a nice-looking hunter, but lost on time.

The Open Jumping also attracted some entries of a very high quality, and was won by Lady Inglis, riding her pretty mare who always jumps with such a complete absence of fuss. She and Major Shebbear both did clear rounds, but Lady Inglis won when the tie was ridden off over more complicated jumps. Third place was also tied for, by Lt. Scott (riding Mrs. Walsh's mare) and Mary Bennett, and was won by the latter, whose police horse was not disconcerted by the extra laths. We were glad to welcome Mary back to Lucknow on a visit; she

is a most accomplished young horsewoman, and won the Victor Lucknow prize again this year. We missed the bright little personality of Ian Christie, though, who is another polished rider; he has now gone home with his mother and pretty sister.

At the time of writing, we are in the throes of "S.P.C.A. Week," which is something new for Lucknow. The present Executive Committee, under the presidency of Mr. Vivian, and with the energetic and enthusiastic direction of the Joint Honorary Secretaries, Mrs. Wall and Mr. Bullock, is really putting the Society on the map, this winter.



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Shake the party spirit into a "High Hat" before stepping out.

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- WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**—Put into a long ice-filled glass 1/8 French style vermouth, 1/8 Italian style vermouth, and 2/3 Carew's Dry Gin. Mix well and add an olive and a piece of lime peel.
- GIN OLD FASHIONED**—Put into a tumbler a flat teaspoonful powdered sugar, a few dashes of Angostura bitters, a slice of lime and some crushed ice. Add a "peg" of Carew's Dry Gin. Stir well.
- SHADY GROVE COOLER**—Put 1/2 a tablespoonful of powdered sugar into a long glass. Add the juice of 1/2 a lime and a "Peg" of Carew's Dry Gin. Fill up with ginger beer. Add ice.
- HIGH HAT**—Put into a tumbler a 1/2 "peg" Carew's Dry Gin, 1/4 French style vermouth, and 1/4 Italian style vermouth and three dashes of Angostura bitters. Mix well and pour into a cocktail glass.

Empty bottles must be returned from whence they came before a fresh stock of Carew's can be supplied to you.

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My Shooting Autobiography

(Continued from page 36)

wallah among his others. Incidentally, the reptile found in the Punjab rivers is the long-nosed, fish-eating Gharial, or *Jantar* as the Punjabis call it. The big males have a big round knob on the tip of the nose, which earn them the title of *nak wallah* and make their heads trophies worth mounting.

Learning

After such a succession of failures I was, naturally enough, getting a terrible inferiority complex. It was, therefore, a good thing that one morning it was suggested that we should give the *mugger* a rest and shoot partridge instead. That beautiful game bird, the Black Partridge, abounds in that part of the country and the birds were soon getting up before us as we walked through the long grass in line. I shot brilliantly—as we all do on occasion—and only missed one shot, for every other round fired I had a dead bird. Actually I got most of the shooting and *all* of the bag, providing a delicious bird for each of the members

of the party and a couple over. Even the leg-malling Tubby was impressed and remarked "Well you do know how to use a gun anyway!" The Fates had relented and this was the end of my spell of bad luck.

Actually another thing which contributed to my future success with the *mugger* was watching Gerald take a shot at one which was lying so soundly asleep that he was able to get down to it merely by stepping out of the boat on to the bank. I noticed that Gerald used his hat as a rest and made a mental reservation that I would always use a rest in the future. It certainly paid me to do so and I would be inclined to pass the opinion that a rest for *mugger* shooting—at any rate for the sort of *mugger* shooting provided by the Punjab rivers—is an essential for consistent success. Distances are great, often as much as 300 yards and even more, the mark is a small one—the neck being, whenever possible, the best place at which to aim if you wish to keep your *mugger* on the bank—and the long crawl into position does not tend to steady one's aim. A rest for one's rifle goes far towards overcoming these difficulties. Use a convenient sandbank, your hat or anything else which may serve your purpose. An excellent rest is made by a forked stick like the Y of a catapult, cut to a convenient length and

with the end pointed to drive into the ground.

So, with the inferiority complex removed and the invaluable lesson about using a rest put to good use, I began to catch up with my companions. Times, the shikari, no longer granted in disgust at missed *muggers* slithering into the water, and dear old Tubby was obliged to exercise his wit in other directions. My score mounted until, at the end of our holiday, I had caught up with my two cousins and, strangely enough, we had bagged exactly the same number each when the last shot was fired. A pleasant ending to a most enjoyable holiday.

The biggest *mugger* I shot on this occasion was a 12" 5" female. I had used the magazine of my rifle and it had jammed after the first shot so that I was unable to put in the second safety shot which is an essential safeguard in this form of shooting. The beat came down on hearing the shot and pulled in at the opposite bank to pick up the *mugger*. I called out to Gerald that she might be still alive and he approached her cautiously with a light rifle to put a finishing shot into her head. She was paralysed and unable to move her body, but she could still use her jaws and she made some lightning snaps at Gerald which made him jump and might have hurt him badly had he not been so wide-

Crossword Solution

Problem on page 35

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Point-duty | 1. Paths |
| 2. Poised | 2. India |
| 3. Tidal Wave | 3. Telling |
| 4. Tonal | 4. Unwear |
| 5. Stomach | 5. Yielded |
| 6. Driving | 6. Patties |
| 7. Row | 7. Sentiment |
| 8. Weight | 8. Deigned |
| 9. Direct | 9. Weigh down |
| 10. Impose | 10. Impulsive |
| 11. Stunted | 11. Lie |
| 12. Ade | 12. Ill |
| 13. Holiday | 13. Sadness |
| 14. Trident | 14. Savings |
| 15. Olive | 15. Satisfies |
| 16. Nervously | 16. Adipose |
| 17. Needs | 17. Enred |
| 18. Suspended | 18. Toyed. |

awake. A carefully placed shot in the head from close quarters put paid to her account.

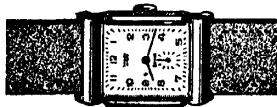
I cannot impress too strongly on the young sportsman who is after *mugger* for the first time the *absolute necessity* of putting in second shot into a *mugger* of any size whatever for safety's sake, however dead it may seem to be after the first.

The COLONEL



- and his watch!

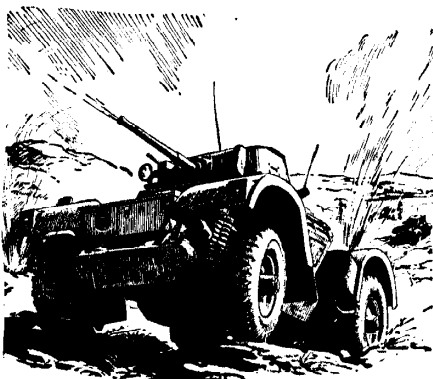
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Luck !

(Continued from page 37.)

After he left the house in the morning, a man came to inform him that one of the calves had been killed by a tiger during the night. Not knowing where 'B' had gone the man sat all day at the house waiting for him and then went away. Shortly after, a man who knew that 'B' had gone to the first railway station for a shoot, phoned to the station master and told him to inform 'B' when he returned. An hour later 'B' got back to the station and was given the news.

It was now rather late in the evening and although 'B' knew the country, he did not know the exact location of the 'kill'. However, he decided to go to the most probable place and, fortunately, his guess was correct. He found traces of the 'kill' and followed

the drag. By this time it was nearly dark, and he had no one with him. Not very far away he found the remains of the calf hidden in a thick bush near which was a small tree with a fork about ten feet off the ground. There was no time and nobody to put up a machan, and so 'B' clambered into the fork and sat. It was bitterly cold, and he had on only his thin khaki shooting clothes.

About eight o'clock, when the cold was getting almost unbearable, he heard something approaching. He was so close to the 'kill' that he could dimly see it although it was a moonless night. The tiger now came under him and he could actually hear the rumbling of its stomach: it was so near. Unsupprisingly the tiger walked out and stood broadside on to 'B' and not ten feet from the muzzle of his rifle. 'B' made no mistake; the heavy .405 bullet caught the tiger fair in the centre of his shoulder and turned it over on to its back with

all four legs up in the air. In a second or two it rolled over stone dead, but, to make sure, another shot was put into its head. 'B' then had to get down and walk as he was nearly frozen stiff.

Within a week the second calf was killed, and this time, 'B', getting timely information, was well prepared for the tigress which came on to her 'kill' while it was still daylight and died as easy as her mate had done. Was that luck?

A Narrow Escape

A Shikari sat up one moonlight night last summer over a pool of water, with the hope of being able to shoot a bear which was frequenting the place. All night nothing came, but in the morning when his men were coming to take him back to camp,—he could hear them talking—he heard something rush over the dried teak leaves and stop right under his feet. It was a fine big panther, and a charge of slugs from the 12 bore knocked

it down, and to all appearances it was quite dead. After a while the men were called up, and, while they were approaching, the hunter looked down at his trophy and was amazed to find it on its belly, crouching, ears back, and looking in the direction from which the men were coming. It was so obviously bent on mischief that the men in the machan was taken aback for a moment; only for a moment, however, for he 'killed' it again with another charge of slugs. It now appeared to be really dead, and the men were again called up. Again it got up and had to be shot, and will never more, the same thing happened. Five times it was shot with slugs from not more than ten yards, and each time it recovered. "Getting the panther was luck," you say, but don't you think it was greater luck that the man in the machan did not get down after the first shot, without waiting for the men to come up?



Tea Time— With the Parsis

Among the Westernised habits which the Parsis have adopted, afternoon tea is one of the most appreciated. Often this meal is taken late, when the master of the house comes home from his work.

Tea is usually served in the European way, milk and sugar being added to taste. The eatables served at tea time vary a great deal, ranging from samosas to sweet cakes. Parsi ladies are justly proud of their household organization and very often the tea-service will be of fine china, sometimes a family heirloom.

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Rogue Elephants

(Continued from page 36.)

this time in a direct line for him with Rangami leading (as usual—sneak-heard fellow) with myself, L. and the Korale following, in that order. Halfway there we heard the elephant push down a huge tree off which he was feeding, in his efforts to get at the succulent top branches. In a few minutes we were within ten yards of him but none of us could see anything of him. Rangami was scouting for position, ever mindful of direction of wind, and within the next minute or so signalled to us to come forward. We did. And there, not

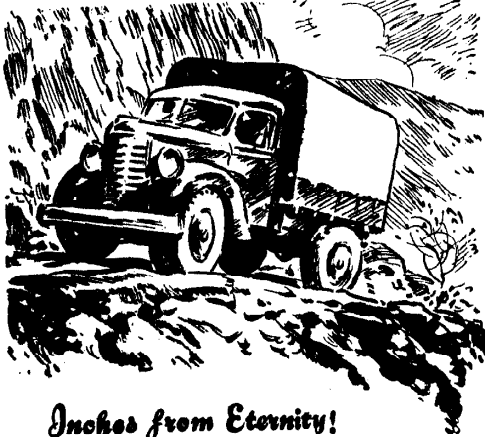
five yards away, I could just discern through the foliage the tremendous hindquarters and ridiculous hump tail of our Rogue. Rangami was on my left and a little forward, L. at my right hand and the Korale about ten yards in the rear behind an ant hill. Now, there was a very nasty problem which we had not catered for. L. could not make out anything of the elephant and was peering vaguely ahead; the Rogue's hindquarters did not present a vital target for a small bore rifle and we could not jockey for a better position on account of the density of the scrub. We were, in fact, actually standing in the channel through the scrub made by the elephant

himself. To have made a wide detour round to his head would have brought us upwind of him. I have never before done anything so foolish in all my life and never will again—I hope! But in the excitement of the moment and to break the terrible suspense, I fired plumb into his broad hindquarters, making as my point of aim his ridiculous hump of a tail! There was, nevertheless, a certain amount of method in my madness. I had a vague notion it would make him annoyed enough to immediately turn and change, presenting me with a head shot for which I would be fully prepared.

(To be continued.)

Bridge Solution Problem on page 41.

JACK wins the first trick and continues the Heart suit, the third round being ruffed by Sam. The Q of trump is led. Jill holds off and the trick holds. The small trump follows and is allowed to hold the trick. Sam now leads and makes his three Diamonds and proceeds with Clubs, Jack winning the third round. Nobody other than Jack holds any red cards and, wherever suit he leads, Sam ruffs. If, full over-ride, dummy's Ace wins and, if he holds off, dummy's Ace wins the last trick.



Inches from Eternity!

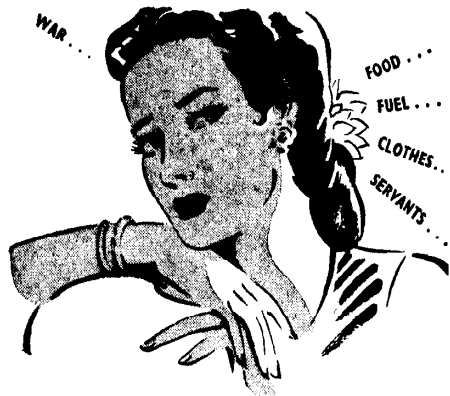
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If you plan to pass through an A.H.I. town or project a stay, do please help by making a reservation enquiry as early as you can before the date of intended arrival. You will receive the courtesy of a prompt reply.

No need to explain the reason for the present situation: It is of course due to the war. In the 'Imperial' and 'Maidens' as in all Associated Hotels the management are glad to have the opportunity to make so many uniformed guests comfortable these days, and to provide amenities and entertainment for the troops in the centres which we serve.

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IN THE CART

"Quick, quick, policeman, help me. I am in the cart."
 "Be not so foolish, oh driver. You are standing in the road."
 "Physically speaking, I stand in the road, but metaphorically I am in the cart."
 "Leave rhetoric to your intellectual superiors. What's biting you?"
 "I am bitten by the loss of a wooden case, about two feet by eighteen inches by nine. I was bringing it from the railway station to the officers' mess."
 "And who has taken this case do you think?"
 "Choors. Decoits. Badmashes. Men of great violence and determination. Take quick your lathi and pursue them."
 "You saw these men?"
 "Well—not exactly."
 "Were you perchance sleeping as you creaked along the road?"

"Kabhi Nahin."
 "Sure?"
 "Well, I may have just permitted myself to nod. I attended a marriage feast last night."
 "I see. And while you were snoring, this case of Rose's Lime Juice vanished?"
 "I never said it was Rose's Lime Juice. How did you know?"
 "We of the police know everything. It is our duty. That case of Rose's fell off the back of your cart. It was picked up in the road some seven miles back and now awaits you at the police station."
 "Oh, policeman, you have made the sun to shine. Accept a chew of betel."
 "We police do not accept gifts of money or money's worth. But accept from me a word of advice. In future sleep at night when you have charge of Rose's in the daylight."

ROSE'S—The Wise Man's Nightcap

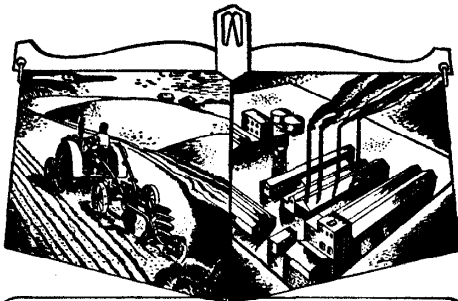
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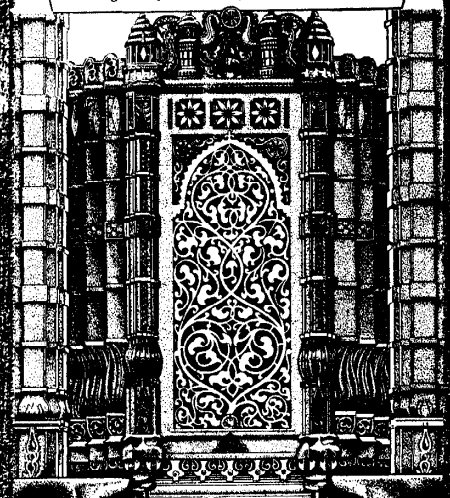
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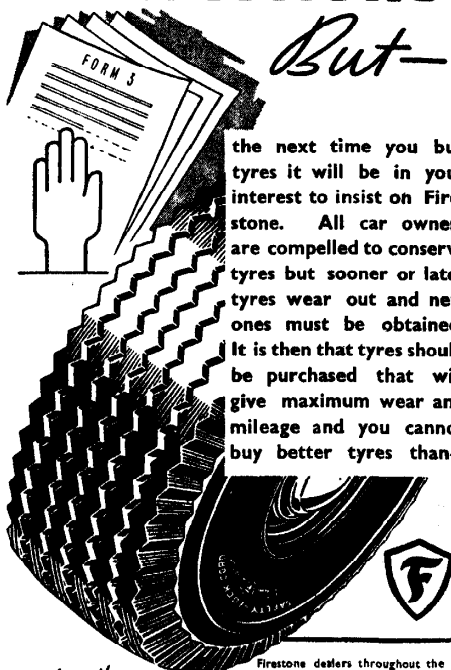
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